

## THE ACADEMY

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## Notes of the Week

IT is especially gratifying to us to find that the note which we wrote last week in praise of General Savoff, the Bulgarian delegate to the Porte, has been entirely justified. A weak and puny man would have been afraid to agree to forgo the advantages which his country had so recently reaped at a great cost. The Bulgarian diplomatist has realised that Turkey was to some extent despoiled of the territory in dispute through what was at one time thought to be the moral—but which is now proved to be the immoral—support of Bulgaria's brothers in arms. General Savoff has further realised that the Turk, who is known by all but ranters as the gentleman of the Balkan Peninsula, is quite the most desirable confederate whom he can have. The myth for which we are indebted to the late Mr. Gladstone, that the Turk was an unspeakable person, has been proved to partake of the character of most myths, by the fact that the populations in the disputed area much prefer to remain under Turkish rule than under that of any of the other nationalities who have tried to filch it.

We referred in our last issue to the scheme for the pronunciation of Latin issued by the Board of Education. The Scotch Education Department has likewise issued a circular, drawn up by a committee of the Classical Association of Scotland, which has now been adopted by the Association as a whole. It very sensibly states that the proposals made do not profess to represent the actual system of pronunciation in use among the Romans, but are believed to form as close an approximation thereto as it seems practicable to aim at in schools. The scheme recommended is simpler than the English innovation, and will, therefore, stand more chance of being generally adopted in Scotland, especially as all higher grade schools receiving endowments are open to inspection by officers appointed by the Scotch Education Department. It is a pity that the two schemes should differ, for both English and Scottish authorities emphasise the desirability of one uniform pronunciation. We note that both tell us to say Cicero

as "Kikero"; are we to apply this harsh and novel pronunciation to the name of the orator when we speak of him in English? Would it not be wiser to conform to the French usage, and to allow the present sound of *c* before *i* to be maintained? It was certainly adopted at some period of the language, and had it been allowed to stand would have enabled the scholar to recognise Romance as simply late Latin.

Some of the work-shy persons who have lost all notions of obedience or discipline, and whose principal anxiety seems to be to hunt for any excuse to "strike"—even against the recommendations of their own accredited representatives—may be interested to read of the case of Mr. Edison. With incomprehensible rashness, after stretches of hard work ranging from eighteen to twenty hours a day, he decided to take a holiday of a fortnight. The result of so drastic a step may be imagined. He simply knocked himself up; sleep failed him; he became peevish and petulant, complaining that his motor-car did not travel fast enough, and that he was really tired out. His condition was dangerous, and by the advice of his doctor he was hurried back to his laboratory on the top gear; once there, his eyes brightened, his face flushed with the hue of returning health, and as he gleefully patted the original phonograph—whose unmusical progeny woo us from suburban windows on calm Sunday evenings—it was realised by the anxious watchers that never again must such a risk be run. To be healthy and happy, Edison must work for at least two-thirds of the twenty-four hours, and therein lies a moral. For although we are not all built upon the same strenuous plan as this indefatigable inventor, the man who spends his spare time looking for chances to throw up his situation, and encouraging others to do the same, is not likely to be a healthy member of the community either from a physical or moral point of view.

An interesting article in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, by Professor Lounsbury, entitled "Americanisms, Real or Reputed," touches upon the question of the exasperating "linguistic prig," who insists that the language of conversation shall be the language of the printed book. We have all met him; his speech is intolerably correct; from his youth he has never realised that the grammar-book is not a strait-waistcoat for daily talk; his stilted phrases would be a model for the "polite letter-writer" of sixty years ago. There is, of course, a happy medium, and within that happy medium the greater part of our friendly daily intercourse takes place. We are no advocates of slang—especially American slang—in conversation, but we agree with Professor Lounsbury when he says that "there are words and phrases which would be simply intolerable if found in some kinds of writing, that would not only be allowable, but in certain cases indispensable, in writings of another and totally different kind"—also, we may add, in ordinary conversation between educated people.

## Thinking of Some Living Poets

I do give thanks that in these deadly days  
Some poets still, in harder circumstance  
Than their fore-runners, cast no longing glance  
To the arena of the tinsel bays.  
They will not heed the sophist phrase that says:  
"In their own fair-ground pipe—that men may dance,"  
Nor turn rare music to rude dissonance,  
As he must do who such behest obeys.

Down in the fair-ground, for an evening's hire,  
Before their booths so many jesters scream,  
And (not content with naphtha-fame) conspire  
To make a jest of their discarded dream,  
That, doubly, I give thanks ye do not tire.  
Pipe on, pipe featly, following the Gleam!

FREDERICK NIVEN.

## The Merman

Where towering cliffs enclose a hollow bay  
An ancient merman dragged himself to die,  
Between the glory of the summer sky  
And tossing of the sunlit silver spray.  
But as he sobbed his ebbing life away  
A change fell, and the wind blew chill and high  
Calling the waves to chant a monody  
While trampling clouds trod down the dying day.  
Darkness fell as he died alone; but soon  
The steadfast wind brought back again the stars  
And bared the paths of heaven for the moon;  
So all the ancient pageant of the night  
Went by as ever, till, through eastern bars,  
Dawn smote the awakening waves with sudden light.

W. P. R. KERR.

## The Traveller's Reading

THE discussion of what constitutes the best holiday reading, which has been exercising readers of a daily paper, suggests reflections on a more specialised branch of such literature. Those of us who periodically go on *safari*—to use the now fashionable East African word for a tour—are always confronted with the problem of just how few books will meet the requirements of days perforce spent idly in camp, whether in bad health, or heavy rain, or in the absence of news of game. Some sort of reading is essential, for, in spite of the optimistic conception of the tent life which prevails in untravelled circles at home, nowhere is boredom more demoralising than in the jungle, and the posting up of diaries and writing of home letters are insufficient diversion, while even the developing of exposed plates can be done as a rule only at night.

Books, therefore, there must be of some sort, and Sir Harry Johnston recommends plenty of them, a piece of advice from which, with the greatest respect for his knowledge of such matters, I venture to dissent. In all travel off the highways, and more particularly in a region like Equatorial Africa, in which, owing to the ravages of "fly," native porters are the only pack-

animals available, luggage must, unless the tourist be a millionaire, be cut down to a minimum, and books are among the first luxuries to suffer from this inexorable reduction. Personally, I never take more than half a dozen, and these should, I think, be ample for a stay of three months out of reach of civilisation. Their choice, so far as the contents go, must be left to individual taste, but small volumes should be preferred to large, if only on the excellent principle advocated by Dr. Johnson, who always chose books that a man could carry to the fire and hold readily in his hand. Much reading in camp is done in a hammock or in some other restful position, and a heavy book on leaded paper is anathema in such circumstances.

The kind of book is, as has been said, a matter of personal taste. For myself, given the choice of half a dozen volumes, I should take the Bible, Whitaker's Almanac, Kinglake's "Eothen," Gregory's "Great Rift Valley"—a somewhat ponderous tome, but, like "Eothen," full of the sublime courage so inspiring to the traveller in moments of difficulty—a volume of Kipling's verse, either "Five Nations" or "Seven Seas," both delightful fare for any traveller with a sense of humour, and, for the sixth and last, some standard work on the particular region of my travels.

To suggest a list of "best books," particularly in so small a compass, is as daring and as futile as suggesting a list of "best flies" for the trout fisherman, and the foregoing selection is offered only as a personal view. Clearly, camp literature should have some bearing on travel, and in particular on its disappointments. The happiest man on trek is he who is a philosopher with a keen sense of the ridiculous, and such tabloid library as he can get into his portmanteau should help him in that mood. Charles Lamb admitted his reluctance to be caught reading "Candida" in a cathedral, and I would not care to be found on my camp bed deep in a copy of Todhunter's Algebra or Snell on Equity. The traveller reads, when he reads at all, to pass the time; not, as Chaucer has it, to "dryve the night away"—he ought to sleep at night, and his lamp is but a bait for mosquitoes—but to lessen the monotony of idle hours during the day. He does not read, as at home, to improve his mind, and he may therefore sternly exclude what Hazlitt somewhere calls "the din and smithery of school learning." There are precious little volumes, of pocket compass, which might be added to the above, such as the immortal "Rubaiyat" of the tent-maker, that pathetic little human document "The Roadmender," the Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius, and many others that will prove dear companions in the wilderness.

Let me counsel, at any rate, one volume of poetry. Even those who have no taste for its music during the stress of business or the social round at home will find it wonderfully soothing in the solitude of the forest. The only volume that is prose and poetry in one, and that holds all the comfort and entertainment needed besides the book of Nature, is the Bible. That is the one book which no wanderer can afford to leave behind.

F. G. A.



## In the Learned World

YET another attempt to decipher the Hittite hieroglyphs has been made, this time by Mr. R. Campbell Thompson, who was at one time an assistant in the Assyrian and Egyptian Antiquities Department of the British Museum, and has since worked with Mr. Hogarth in his excavations at Carchemish and other Hittite sites. In a communication lately made to the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Campbell Thompson gives the outlines of an entirely new system, differing considerably from that followed by Professor Sayce, although he admits that the last-named philologist is right with regard to the determinatives for divine and place names and in his reading of certain city names, such as Tyana. The would-be interpreters of Hittite have hitherto worked chiefly by means of only two bilingual inscriptions, viz., the well-known "Boss of Tarkondemos" and the seal of Indi-limma; but we can make a guess at the pronunciation of many Hittite proper names from their occurrence in Assyrian cuneiform and Egyptian hieratic or hieroglyphic inscriptions. In addition to this, we know that the Hittites were of Aryan or Indo-Germanic stock, and therefore probably spoke a language not unrelated to Greek. These are really all the materials at command for the solution of the problem; and, as will be seen, they are fairly slender when compared to the knowledge of Coptic, which gave Champollion the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphs, or Darius' great trilingual inscription on the Rock of Behistun which did the same office for Rawlinson in respect of cuneiform. Hence the present, like most attempts at Hittite decipherment, resolves itself into a series of guesses at the pictorial meaning of the signs, as where Mr. Campbell Thompson sees a hand grasping a dagger, and thinks it expresses "the idea of fighting and hostility," while a similar hand holding a thing that he assumes to be a graving-tool "gives the word for engraving." On the whole, however, it is difficult to see how his guesses are better than those of Professor Sayce, who has devoted many years to the study of the subject, or of Dr. Rusch, who has *more Germanorum* evolved a complete system, perhaps from his inner consciousness. Thus it may be said that for the present the Hittite writing seems likely to keep its secret. The list of Hittite signs appended to Mr. Campbell Thompson's paper is, however, of distinct value, as is his summary of Hittite history and his quotations from the long inscriptions—one of them containing more than 600 signs—found on the site of Carchemish and not before published.

In the current issue of the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, M. Isidore Lévy brings to a close the remarks on the Græco-Egyptian god Sarapis, which have now extended over a good many numbers. The difficulty here dealt with is that Plutarch quotes—as M. Lévy has shown with fair probability, from the Royal Ephemerides or Court Circular of the period—that,

when Alexander the Great was on his deathbed at Babylon, counsel was sought at the Temple of Sarapis in that city, and it was even debated whether the dying conqueror should not be brought into the temple, until a divine voice proceeded from the altar, commanding the anxious marshals to let him be. But what did the Babylonians of Alexander's time with a temple of Sarapis, a god who, as Plutarch also tells us, was discovered or invented by Ptolemy, Alexander's successor in Egypt, with the view of bringing his Egyptian and Greek subjects closer together? Professor Lehmann Haupt and other pundits have given many explanations, such as that the Greek recorder was really referring to the temple of the god Ea, sometimes called Sarapsu, or Lord of the Sea; but M. Lévy explodes most of these, and makes it clear that the temple in question was that of the Babylonian Bel or Marduk, who since the days of Herodotus had been known to the Greeks as the supreme deity of the Babylonians. Why he should be confused with Sarapis may be explained by the theory that Ptolemy, from whose extracts from the records Plutarch probably copied, was trying to exalt the deity of his own choice by making out that he was worshipped throughout the civilised world. This was actually the case a few centuries later, and Ptolemy, an old soldier in more senses than one, no doubt saw that in religious matters the best way to bring about a belief is to assume that everybody holds it, as the captain of a ship, on reaching what he considers to be noon, orders the proper officer to "make it so."

Alexander's successors have given as much trouble to historians as the "chiefe spectacle of the world's preheminece" did to his contemporaries, and the extent and duration of the world-empire that he founded in a few brief years is only now beginning to be understood. Thus Mr. Whitehead has published in the Royal Asiatic Society's *Journal* two coins of a king who ruled in North-West India in the time of the Kushan conquerors, whose date was somewhere about A.D. 80. They are of copper, and bear the Greek legend, "King of Kings, the Great Saviour," with a translation in Kharosthi characters which Mr. Whitehead declares to be the exact equivalent of the Greek. They also show a trident closely resembling the symbol by which astronomers denote the planet Neptune, but no proper name. Now, many of Alexander's successors adopted the title of "saviour," among whom it is only necessary to quote the before-mentioned Ptolemy and Antiochus I, and the epithet "Megas" or "great" presents no difficulties. But who is this king who ruled at Cabul and as far north as the Hindu Kush and the Himalayas and as far south as Mathura on the Ganges, and yet did not leave his personal name? Mr. Whitehead suggests that Soter Megas may be merely a title given to the Viceroy who governed as representatives of the Kushan emperor or suzerain, and Mr. Kennedy joins in with some confirmation of this in the fact that his coins till now have only occurred in copper, thereby lending colour to the

theory that the coinage of gold was reserved for the suzerain power. It seems very unlikely, however, that any suzerain should allow his deputy or vassal-king to assume such a title as "Saviour," which was unknown except among the independent successors of Alexander; and Mr. Whitehead suggests that the coins he publishes do bear traces of what may be a proper name. If so, there are probably others in existence less damaged than those figured by him now in the museum at Lahore, familiar to readers of "Kim," and it would be interesting to see whether the name can there be made out. If it turns out to be Greek, it may well be that the Indo-Greeks did not submit tamely to the Scythian invasion, as has been thought.

Not unconnected with this is the controversy raging in the same Society with regard to the date of Kanishka, one of the Kushan emperors, who is celebrated in Buddhist literature as a pillar of the faith. Mr. F. W. Thomas, librarian to the India Office, thinks it evident that this Kanishka must have flourished after the "Nameless King" rejoicing in the title of Soter Megas last mentioned, and his Kushan suzerain, or, in other words, after 80 A.D. Mr. Kennedy, on the other hand, who is supported by Dr. Fleet, editor of the *Indian Antiquary* and a high authority on the early history of India, is just as positive that he is to be carried back to the middle of the first century before our era. It is a very pretty quarrel, and has an important bearing on the faith to be placed in Buddhist records.

F. L.

## Conventionality and Unconventionality

A WORD is a coin that is stamped on both sides. On one side it bears the "image and superscription" of the speaker; on the other the date—an important consideration—and a miscellaneous collection of symbols, which we will take to represent the mentality of the hearer. For the coin to be good money, there must be correspondence between the two faces.

One of the conversational coins that circulates most widely, but should never be accepted without some preliminary biting and ringing on the counter of the mind, is the word "unconventional." We use the negative form advisedly; few will be found cynical enough ("cynical"—another coin for the sharpers) to defend "conventionality," caught in the mother-nakedness of an isolated term and within sight of a dictionary. "A is thoroughly conventional"—who is going to defend A? It would need a Malesherbes or an Osman Pasha. But when we hear, from the lips of C, for instance, that "B is so very unconventional," we are no nearer to a sound personal estimate of B than we were before. Too many factors enter into the business. In the first place, what sort of a person is C? On the answers to this question and to the supplementary question—what sort of persons are we

whom C is instructing?—hangs principally the result of our interesting inquiry.

Is B more worthy?—I should say  
He's worth a great deal more than A.

Very likely, but we decline to admit any so hasty solution of our problem. Who are you that judge between A and B? Then in what spirit did C utter his dictum? Does he approve of B, or does he disapprove? And finally, for our experience of children has taught us that many questions, though they may sometimes constitute a fallacy, more often make a young man's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of crime, has "unconventional" any recognised normal meaning for the majority of mankind?

We do not know whether B's "unconventionality" is a vice or a charm till we know something about C. It may be something that we should ourselves hesitate to dub at all by this title. And if it is necessary to evaluate C before attacking B, why not D before C? Why not E as well? Why not the whole alphabet? The first cause must lie somewhere. But if we are going to stop at C, what then does C mean? He may mean a multitude of things. His "unconventionality" may mean silence in the company of friends, garrulity in the presence of strangers, a taste for society combined with a dislike for formal invitations, smoking a pipe in Bond Street, irregular shaving, introducing the Battle of Bouvines at a dinner-party as a subject of conversation, talking Swinburne to a respectable aunt, squash hats, or strange drinks. The list is susceptible of indefinite enlargement. If a man had all these, we might reasonably think that he was on his way to genuine unconventionality. But true unconventionality is a habit of the mind; its manifestations are, to a great extent at any rate, unconsciously produced. A man may wear an odd kind of hat at a garden-party and yet be the most conventional of God's creatures. And a good deal of so-called unconventionality is merely the result of circumstances; the sin of laziness and the tragedy of poverty are responsible for much apparent contempt for the rules of life.

The rules of life—or, at least, the rules of civilised life—that is what we always come back to. Bridge without conventions is a bridge no longer; conventions are the piers that keep it from being swept away by the torrent of public curiosity. Life is another good game, if its conventions are observed; we know that if we play a certain card—a visiting-card will sometimes correspond—we shall be understood and shall be able to develop our game in security. Freedom is born of restraint. The unconventionalities of, say, a princess—what we mean by a princess—are like the *coups* of a great bridge-player; the fundamental rules of the game are so much a part of the player that they may be violated on occasion; they do not "abide our question"—the player is free.

We are wondering which impression we have left on the courteous reader—that we like and respect uncon-



ventionality, or that we despise or loathe it. A short and definite answer is beyond us. C says that "B is so unconventional." We have never met B, but we detest him in advance; he is a vegetarian, and drops jam over the table-cloth. D says that "B is rather unconventional," veiling the distasteful word with the slightly apologetic accent that is one of our reasons for liking D; we count the hours dividing us from B. Doubtless he might visit his barber three or four times more in the year, and his pipes, which have a tendency to "live within the sense they quicken," should be prevented from straying too far from the shy security of the Temple. Still, marriage will change all that, and, *en attendant*, he plays cricket with a good team, he frequents the opera—not the best seats, though he could probably afford them, but the gallery, where the people go for the music—he can ride a horse and sail a boat, and his vocabulary, though it has some strange words in it, contains nothing base or sordid.

B, as divined from D, is an unconventional man—or as near as we can get to it. We will say nothing about women. He is almost the only one of his kind; we can only think of one other, and he is different in nearly every way, save the essential. That essential is spontaneity, sincerity. A review of all the unconventional people we know is a process of elimination. The first-person-pluralists may go first: "We are quite unconventional people;"—are you? Why not say, "We are very wise—we are very brave—or good—or picturesquely wicked"? You are boasting, you are praising yourselves, for what we know not, though Heaven may! The dwellers in garden-cities we only know from hearsay; we think they would not pass our test. High-brows, slummers, Bohemians, cosmopolitans—we commend you to the cares of an inspired dustman, who may find among you a jewel or two.

We have fallen from our fence: a truly unconventional person is, it seems, a jewel. Well, let it be so! He shares with the gem its most distinctive quality—its rarity. And, then, is not B's unconventionality based on a sound knowledge and appreciation (not idolatry, which would have landed him at once in conventionality) of the fundamental conventions of life? B is a figment of our brain. The other unconventional hero to whom we have referred is a living soul, not a "Ψυχήριον" by any means, but a big soul, carrying about a living body. (The only quotation from Epictetus that we know has failed us sadly.) He is a writer—that is to say, he has known temptation; he is read by thousands—that is to say, he is tempted all day long. He would be a great writer had not an almost unaccountably fervid belief in democracy made of him a great journalist, so that his very best book will be written by Boswell. We will not name him. You may guess him, if you will; you have our leave to disagree with us about him. He is the one truly unconventional man we actually know: the others are play-actors. He writes—and talks—mainly in defence of the conventions.

R. F. SMALLEY.

## REVIEWS

### The Procession of the Muse—II.

*The Quiet Spirit.* By JOHN SPENCER MUIRHEAD. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Poems.* By JOHN ALFORD. (The Poetry Bookshop. 2s.)

*Poems: Moods of the Moment.* By A BACHELOR. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 2s. 6d. net.)

*The Adventurous Year, and Other Poems.* By MARTIN KINDER. (Maunsel and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

*A Boy's Will.* By ROBERT FROST. (David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

IT is an altogether enviable world in which Mr. Muirhead lives, innocent of vexing problems, unvisited by the horrid spectres of pain and sorrow. Life to him is

a little and shadowy river  
Where now there are clots of the sunlight a-quiver,  
And now little glooms that are very soon ended  
In pools where the sky and the shadows are blended.

A world of enchantment, in fine, on which the spell has rested for thousands of years, holding time and change at bay. Upon its Arcadian bounds the tides of modern civilisation have never encroached; great Pan still lives and reigns there, and the bird-song is interrupted only by the light laughter of fairy-folk, the piping of shepherds, and the merry shouts of Bacchanals. All here is beauty and all joy, sought out and dwelt on with a loving, purposeful eye. Like his own Ganymede, he will not have a song that hints of sorrow; or, if such songs must be sung—strange themes of "fierce love that loved not loveliness"—then, like his Achilles, he will be "smiling in sleep," and "hearing not anything." And the manner is in keeping with the matter. The lines trip blithely to pleasing rhythms, sparkle with frequent fancies, and glow with verbal colour. The poems abound with well-observed and deftly-fashioned detail: touches such as these, which impound the attention and forbid a hurried reading:—

. . . . in the windless starlight, when the sky  
Steeled to the shadowless coming of the moon.  
. . . . streams more sweet  
Than e'er spread bubbled weeds against the sun,  
Or brake in dimples where the eddies meet;  
And many a tiny singing-bird, that veers  
His tripping flight in little journeyings  
Where his small mate from out her cranny peers.

It is all limpid, level and unforced. Mr. Muirhead's is the Greek spirit, and he is unwavering in his fealty. We should very much like to quote the lovely description of recumbent Achilles from the poem entitled "Patroclus," but considerations of space forbid. In respect of mannerisms, by the way, Mr. Muirhead is very fond of the adjectives "bare" and "bared"; in fact, they occur a little too frequently. Some, in this advanced age, alive with new movements and new

watchwords, might conceivably call such work as this out of date. For our part we are content enough to recognise in it the timeless quality of sincere and beautiful poetry, and we hope it will not lightly be consigned to limbo.

Mr. Alford writes pleasant verse about Nature, which reveals powers of perception and expression rather above the average. He shows a nice restraint also, while at the same time it is good to feel the high pulse in numbers VIII and IX, for instance. The ballad-lyric, number X, has the convincing note, which, however, is more than can be said for the two "free" experiments at the end of the book.

"Moods of the Moment" has no very striking qualities to commend it. It is more or less successful versification, but scarcely rises to the level of poetry, either in form or substance. The moral principles are sound, but its sentiments are of the kind that no longer call for repetition:—

O the rainbow! O the rainbow!  
Smiling, beauteous in mine eyes—  
Up thine arch of hope resplendent,  
We will climb unto the skies.

There are seven pictures, however, which are much better than the verse.

The best things in Mr. Kinder's book are not his dallyings with fancy verse-forms (though these are clever enough, and the sestina on page 2 is a pure triumph), but the poems which he has written when he really had something to say, some passing glimpse of beauty to relate. "After Sundown" is touched with true charm of faëry; "Wind and Rain" has the subtle, indispensable quality of individuality; the little "Even-song" holds in its frugal lines the breath of infinite things; "The Forest House" captivates by its wise simplicity; and "Romance" expresses in swift, graphic strokes all the essence of the matter. We bate a point in favour of the "Ballad of April," for its tripping music and ready phrasing, and quote one stanza for sample:—

She bade me note how the bracken raises  
Its croziered head where the red leaf died;  
She bade me follow the rabbits' mazes  
There, where the tangled growths divide,  
Showing a field's new-furrowed side,  
Where magpies chattered incessantly:  
"Look, look, two are for mirth," she cried,  
"For apple bloom is fair to see."

For the most part, Mr. Kinder is a careful workman, though the rhyme has rather obviously mastered the reason in the second stanza of "In the Cloisters." In a few of his numbers he betrays discipleship of Mr. Yeats.

We wish we could fitly express the difference which marks off "A Boy's Will" from all the other books here noticed. Perhaps it is best hinted by stating that the poems combine, with a rare sufficiency, the essential qualities of inevitability and surprise. We have read every line with that amazement and delight which are too seldom evoked by books of modern verse. Without

need of qualification or a trimming of epithets, it is undoubtedly the work of a true poet. We do not need to be told that the poet is a young man: the dew and the ecstasy—the audacity, too—of pristine vision are here. At the same time, it is extraordinarily free from a young poet's extravagances; there is no insistent obtrusion of self-consciousness, no laboured painting of lilies, nothing of the plunge and strain after super-things. Neither does it belong to any modern "school," nor go in harness to any new and twisted theory of art. It is so simple, lucid, and experimental that, reading a poem, one can see clearly with the poet's own swift eyes, and follow the trail of his glancing thought. One feels that this man has *seen* and *felt*: seen with a revelatory, a creative vision; felt personally and intensely; and he simply writes down, without confusion or affectation, the results thereof. Rarely to-day is it our fortune to fall in with a new poet expressing himself in so pure a vein. No one who really cares for poetry should miss this little book. There is scarcely a poem of them all but will reward with a thrill, and many of them will yield much more. If we must select, "The Trial by Existence" must be mentioned for power of imagination; "Pan With Us" for spirit and sufficiency and for its beautifully clean finish; "October" for its neat, skilful handling; and "Storn Fear" for its stark articulation in which every word tells. This last is well worthy of full quotation:—

When the wind works against us in the dark,  
And pelts with snow  
The lower chamber window on the east,  
And whispers with a sort of stifled bark,  
The beast,  
"Come out! Come out!"—  
It costs no inward struggle not to go,  
Ah, no!  
I count our strength,  
Two and a child,  
Those of us not asleep subdued to mark  
How the cold creeps as the fire dies at length—  
How drifts are piled,  
Dooryard and road ungraded,  
Till even the comforting barn grows far away  
And my heart owns a doubt  
Whether 'tis in us to arise with day  
And save ourselves unaided.

We have not the slightest idea who Mr. Robert Frost may be, but we welcome him unhesitatingly to the ranks of the poets born, and are convinced that if this is a true sample of his parts he should presently give us work far worthier of honour than much which passes for front-rank poetry at the present time.

### Creatures of Rapine

*The Prowlers.* By F. ST. MARS. Illustrated by WARWICK REYNOLDS. (J. Nisbet and Co. 6s. net.)

WHENEVER we come across a book in which beasts and birds are endowed with the human faculty of speech we are reminded of the story of the ventriloquist's dog. It is old in the States, but may have the merit of com-



parative novelty on this side. A wonderful talking dog was exhibited at a fair. Needless to say, the owner was a ventriloquist, but this simple fact escaped the notice of rustic audiences, and at length a yokel paid a heavy price for this canine prodigy. He was just leading it out of the booth on a string when, at the door, the intelligent animal turned for one last look at its late master, and cried: "Oh! so you've sold me, have you? Then I'm —d if I ever say another word!" And when, after several days, the dog proved as good as its word, the fool who had bought it was glad enough to sell it back to its late owner at a fraction of the price. So, we fear, in these otherwise well-told stories of the wild, the claws are the claws of hawks and owls, but the voice is ever the voice of Mr. St. Mars. As a fact, the only four-footed animal that ever spoke quite like a human being was Balaam's ass, but the simplicity of the Bible is a difficult model to follow. Mr. Kipling has come a little nearer reality with his talking tigers and pythons than any other living writer; but Mr. St. Mars is woefully wide of the mark, and we can only regret the peppering of his stories with such amazing expletives as "twist my whiskers!" or "tickle my brush!" which we take to be equivalent to the "stap my vitals!" of Regency bucks, or the "shiver my timbers!" popularly associated with Jack ashore.

We feel a little bold in criticising the work of one who has been praised by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Kernahan were it not that the publication of extracts from their letters to the author is of itself a challenge that seems to justify our candour. For the rest, and always insisting on the artistic pitfalls of this too popular conversational method of chronicling the daily life of the wild creatures, we have found pleasure in many of the little dramas by means of which Mr. St. Mars illustrates the enduring truth of those lines in Tennyson:—

... Nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can  
heal;  
The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd  
by the shrike,  
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of  
plunder and prey.

The author gives us a series of these tragedies in the minor key, including terrific combats between rats and stoats, with snowy owls intervening; a battle royal between a coyote escaped from a menagerie and a roe-deer defending its fawns; the marauding forays of a Pomatorhine skua embroiled with wild geese and an Arctic fox (which the artist has somehow confused with a polar bear); a fracas between shrikes and starlings, and many other battles of the wild, all of them related with due attention to dramatic detail and zoological accuracy.

The illustrations are what is usually termed a "feature" of the book, and for those who favour a kind of Beardsley atmosphere in such work they are admirable. For ourselves, preferring the book of

Nature at first hand, and imbued with an old-fashioned liking for either accurate drawings or artistic photographs, we find these dim studies by Mr. Reynolds a little too imaginative for our taste. But nothing about them can be quite so unpleasant as the device for inscribing their legends in scarlet type on the tissue fly-leaf. In all but one light, these descriptions are barely legible.

## Polite Conversations

*Social Conversations in English and Japanese.* By GENTARO TOMITA. (P. Maruya and Co., Yokohama.)

THE student of a strange language who desires to employ not the stilted phrase, the literary sentences which he can find in books, but the genuine everyday colloquial speech of the people, runs the gauntlet of many difficulties. His teacher—whether he instruct orally or by the aid of the printed word—is not always able to distinguish between outrageous slang and the permissible chatter with which all friendly talk is enlivened; and the results, when the trustful learner bravely enters the spacious field that lies outside the realm of grammar-books and manuals of correct composition, are apt to be startling.

We laugh, nowadays, at the old-fashioned methods of imparting knowledge in other tongues—at the solicitous queries as to the health of the gardener's daughter, at the polite requests for paper-knife, pens, and ink, which formed the seductive opening paragraphs of the "First French Courses" of thirty years ago; but there is a danger in the other extreme. It is exemplified here and there in this charming attempt to introduce Japanese students to our English social, conversational ways. For instance, in the very first sentence, Mr. Tomita makes his character begin: "Say, Smith, do you happen to know Mr. Trilby?" He is apparently unaware of the fact that "say," as an opening to a speech, is not English at all, but comes from the other side of the Atlantic. The gentle Smith exclaims later on: "I haven't seen anything of you this past two weeks; where have you been stowing yourself?"—which is not pretty, and has not the excuse of being a phrase at all frequently employed. He refers to an "auto" as "a mechanical Rosinante," and explains the allusion in a footnote as "a mechanical (a machine) horse," ignoring the needed reference to Don Quixote. "I've been feeling a bit peckish this good bit" is an assertion which might well be moderated. "Let's all muck in (assist each other) and pack up" is simply impossible even in friendly talk, save among schoolboys or errand-boys. "I reckon," "we sh'll," "fiddlesticks," are barely excusable, and the following reply is calculated to make the English reader shudder: "Oh, I was dumped alongside poor old Mrs. Dawson; she's a horrible scrag, without a word to say for herself the whole evening."

Having mentioned these serious flaws, which we trust

will be eliminated in any future edition, we are free to state that Mr. Tomita has managed the greater portion of his imaginary conversations very skilfully. The copious footnotes, with Japanese text in full, fully elucidate the meaning of the colloquialisms with which the pages abound, and there is a full and valuable index. The book, we understand, was "submitted to a thorough overhauling and ruthless revision by an English friend." It is a pity that this "English friend" did not blue-pencil the phrases we have noted above; but, on the whole, the result must be considered gratifying; and the work is an excellent addition to the other educational volumes which Mr. Tomita has published with such marked success.

### The Quest of Lyric Poetry

*Lyric Poetry.* By ERNEST RHYS. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)

THE editor of this new series of studies in English literature is happy in his choice of Professor Ernest Rhys for what was the most difficult undertaking of all. Lyric poetry is a wide term that, like a mountain river, may be comparatively easily followed near its source, but necessarily widens and deepens as it flows, often sending out long and tortuous tributaries to the bewilderment of any but the experienced literary geographer. Professor Rhys has the very great advantage of being able to add to his learning the first-hand knowledge of his subject which can only come from practical experience. Not that even this always leads to clear thinking on the subject of lyric poetry. Matthew Arnold had both qualifications, but he was led astray by a fascinating theory of comparative criticism which warped his judgment and ultimately led him to rely upon an external standard of excellence.

Such a standard might have sufficed if we were not living in an infinite world. William Blake said: "The desire of man being infinite, the possession is infinite, and himself infinite. He who sees the infinite in all things, sees God. He who sees ratio only, sees himself only." Hence it follows that one of the chief glories of lyric poetry, as indeed of all art, is its power to widen ever the horizon of its imagination, and, in Professor Rhys' words, "justify its claim to be creative and break into the circle of supreme beauty and perfect happiness." That is really the goal of lyric poetry. It is, in Blake's phrase, a "seeking the eternal which is always present to the wise." It leads—

Through widening chambers of surprise to where  
Throbs rapture near an end that aye recedes.

The joyous thing about this "supreme beauty and perfect happiness" is that human nature naturally responds to it. Our souls find it to be their home of re-creation. Therefore we deem it the triumph of the lyric poet to bring this "consummation of all mortal hope" so vividly before us that we are persuaded to live

by its light and cleave our way with joy and assurance to the realisation of an ever aspiring ideal—an ideal that becomes reality the moment we recognise it as our true destiny.

No lesser conception of what lyric poetry may be will henceforth satisfy those who appreciate the poets of the Revolution. No doubt the critical schoolmasters and poets of mosaic order will try to make poetry a matter of connoisseurship to the end of time. There is no less doubt that those who have lived more intensely than their fellows and have therefore felt life's beauty and possibility more profoundly, will continue to have their metre-making visions of "supreme beauty and perfect happiness." The great essential is that all standards in art should be related to life. The first necessity for every sincere reader is that his standards should be those, and only those, referable to his own life.

"Lyrical" says Professor Rhys, "implies a form of musical utterance in words governed by overmastering emotion and set free by a powerfully concordant rhythm. So soon as narrator or playwright, carried out of the given medium by personal feeling, begins to dilate individually on the theme, that moment he or she as surely tends to grow lyrical." With such a wide definition of the term as his text it may be rightly assumed that the author has not merely written a commentary round the "Oxford Book of English Verse." The work is rather an historical study, not only of the birth and growth of the English lyric, but of all the elements that went to its conception and all the varying influences which have aided and retarded its growth. Some idea of the thoroughness with which Professor Rhys investigates the beginnings of English verse may be gathered from the fact that the first eight chapters deal with pre-Chaucerian poetry. And this is really the most valuable part of the book. It is fascinatingly interesting to learn how from the rude cries of men at war with the elements lyric poetry crept into the epic: how at first this personal utterance was aided by music which emphasised the stresses: how like a child it learned to stand with the assistance of Latin liturgical verses, until, with Robert of Gloucester and The Exeter Book, the English lyric was able to run alone. As this series of books is designed to show the evolution of the various branches of our literature, Professor Rhys was wise in seeking at all costs to make sure of the ancestry of that poetry which found its first satisfying expression in Chaucer. The intelligent reader can find his own way, according to his personal taste or caprice, among contemporary poets, but lacking such a guide as this book offers, he may waste much time in studying early English verse without any very clear idea of its historical significance. It is a study in evolution, and not really an estimate of comparative values. Perhaps it approaches that disputable shore when we leave the Elizabethans, for the nearer we come to modern times the more difficult it becomes to trace tendencies.

Historically, of course, Dryden, Pope, Southey, and James Thomson cannot be neglected, but we are a little



jealous of the space devoted to them by comparison with that allotted to Donne, Blake, and Meredith, three poets of greater lyrical impulse than Mr. Rhys seems willing to allow. The artificial standard begins to stultify the author's intuition when he speaks of "the problem of making song bear the weight of philosophy" being "too much for" Donne. Philosophy was Donne's inspiration, as it was Meredith's. Lyric poetry is ever labouring to become more and more inclusive, and to believe that Donne and Meredith were not primarily lyrical because they weighted their holds with heavy ore is to put up canons of criticism which are destined, in Francis Thompson's picturesque phrase, to be spiked. All standards must bow to the maker's intention, and, rightly understood, Donne's "Ecstasy" and Meredith's "Hymn to Colour" are among the finest lyrics ever written. On the other hand we wonder how many readers Professor Rhys will have to agree with him that Southey wrote "one beautiful thing in lyric," and that this is it:—

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscures, no cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
Breaks the serene of heaven:  
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine  
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert-circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
How beautiful is night!

To us the lines seem entirely commonplace. The epithets are all second-hand, and lay bare Southey's complete lack of imagination.

But this is to dispute matters not really relevant to this book's intention. The volume most admirably fulfils that difficult purpose. It is illuminative, both by reason of its author's fine erudition and his real insight. As illustrative of the latter quality we quote this comment on Chaucer's poetry:—

"He was the most delicately syllabic verser who ever wrote in English, so that, reading him after the later poets whose fashion is more like our own, we are impressed as by the clear but unusual enunciation of a child that tries to make every accent slurred in common speech, individual and distinct. It was impossible that English should go on being spoken in that way; but it was of immense service to have it at this time passed over the tongue of a poet born and made."

Finally, we would point out a misquoted word in the second stanza of that beautiful anonymous lyric of the Lutanists—

O Love, they wrong thee much  
That say thy sweet is bitter,  
When thy ripe fruit is such  
As nothing can be sweeter. . . .

Quoting doubtless from an early edition of Mr. Bullen's "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books" the word "rich" is substituted for "ripe." A small point at first sight,

it makes a vital difference to the song's meaning. And where did Browning say—

Did Shakespeare write sonnets?  
The worse Shakespeare he.

Is this a quotation from the poem "House"?

## The Pilgrims' Journey

*With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem.* By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THAT Mr. Stephen Graham has undertaken a task which hitherto no writer has thought worthy of his pen in itself should be sufficient to attract readers to his book, and when to this fact is added a scholarly and interesting manner of presentment there is no doubt at all that Mr. Graham's public ought to be a large one. For very many years this pilgrimage of Russian peasants to Jerusalem has been taking place. Very little is heard about it by the world in general, and practically no report gets into the papers of the many lives lost in the attempts of the poor old men and women to reach the city they seek. Gathered from all parts of Russia, the pilgrims usually join the ship at Odessa; they are taken to Jaffa, and in various ways make the journey from thence to Jerusalem. This particular boat carried 560 bound for the Holy Land. Mr. Graham writes:

Four hundred were accommodated in the parts of the hold unoccupied by cargo. I went down the dark ladders into the bowels of the ship, and saw how they lived there. The hold was something never to be forgotten for the crush there, the darkness, the foulness, and the smell.

And yet never a murmur nor a complaint broke from the peasants' lips. The boat was many days late, and there were terrible storms. Still the long-suffering peasants accepted all their hardships, only praising God the more for thinking them worthy to be tried in such a manner. All day and all night on the ship and in the hostels after they had landed could be heard the repeated thump as one after another they fell on their knees in prayer. Nearly all of them were old; for many years they had been living for this journey, not caring much whether they came back alive, so long as they had seen their Saviour's City. The majority had brought with them sackfuls of mouldy black bread; some they had saved from their own tables, other crusts had been given them on the road. Abraham, seventy-five years of age, last year completed his twentieth journey. He is entirely dependent on other people for all he has—money, food, and clothing. "For nine months of the year he tramps through Russia, and the other three he is in the Holy Land or on the pilgrim boat." He remembers all those who have helped him on his journey, and prays for them when he reaches Jerusalem.

The whole period taken up by the journey is the

Lenten fast. Not only must no flesh be eaten, but milk products and eggs are also forbidden, and the greatest trial of all is the abstinence from tobacco and vodka. Father Yevgeny, the monk who attempted to administer to the spiritual needs of the travellers, was a peculiar type of a twentieth century priest. He preached to his patient flock what Mr. Graham rightly calls "the Gospel of Stupidity." He taught them to mistrust anything foreign, never to read modern books, and, if anyone came to them with a new idea, to declare that they were too stupid to understand it. It is not the priests, however, who are responsible for the determination of so many to take the long and wearisome journey which often costs them their lives. "The Russians," says Mr. Graham, "are volcanoes, either extinct, quiescent, or in eruption. Below the surface, even of the quietest and stupidest, lies a vein of racial energy, an access to the inner fire and mystery of the spirit of man. When the spirit moves in the depths, then the ways of the outward man seem strange."

Several chapters are devoted to the life in the hostels and to the journeys to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. One of the most impressive sights must be the great procession which, led by the clergy, makes its way to the banks of the Jordan. Here the great miscellaneous crowd put on their white shrouds, which they have carefully guarded ever since they left their Russian village, and after the water is sanctified they all plunge in, crossing themselves and shivering. The magnificent services, too, of Palm Sunday are well described, and give a splendid account of the only reward the humble travellers ask, who come so many thousands of miles to do homage to the Founder of their faith.

It is astonishing the amount of thought, trouble, and even money the Russian peasant expends upon the end of his life upon earth. He sanctifies his grave clothes in Jordan; he buys crosses, caps, and Jerusalem earth to be put with him in the coffin. If some of these minor matters may seem superstitious to English readers, all will be ready to admit that there must be real grit in a nation which possesses men and women of such strong fibre and powers of endurance as are evinced by these hardy travellers, whose childlike trust in God and His priests is sufficient to enable them to overcome all trials and temptations until they have celebrated Easter in the Holy City.

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Mr. T. Werner Laurie is just publishing, in two volumes, "The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones," by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, at 24s. net. This biography of the great naval hero has resulted from years of study and research on the writer's part, in which she has accumulated considerable significant new material, and thus has made possible a far more complete and understandable presentation of Paul Jones's personality and career.

## Shorter Reviews

*Madeleine at Her Mirror: A Woman's Diary.* By MARCELLE TINAYRE. (John Lane. 6s.)

M<sup>E</sup>. TINAYRE writes with such a light fantastic touch that her books are always enjoyable reading. The present volume, as she herself says, "is not a novel, but a collection of impressions, of dreams and of memories, in which fiction mingles with fact." It is also, we are inclined to think, in no small degree autobiographical. Some of us delight in building castles in the air, others will become lost in thought as they watch the embers on the homely hearth, but Madeleine sits before her mirror and gazes into it, evoking reminiscences of other days which she records in a dainty style that forcibly reminds one of the late Gustave Droz, especially in his delightful work "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé."

Madeleine conjures up thoughts and recollection of a multitude of subjects, mostly of the piquant gossamer kind, which is innate in the Parisienne, but occasionally striking a more serious note showing that life is not all frivolity, frills and furbelows, and that laughter has at times to give way to tears. The sketches, slight as they are, display an intimate knowledge of woman and her ways, and the authoress lampoons her foibles with no hesitating pen. The chapters "Beauty Secrets," "Friendship among Women," "Women and their Dressmakers," divulge many home truths which a mere man could scarcely hint at. "Women at Sales" depicts "the little wild beast. . . feverishly turning over scarves and laces in a caressing manner which no husband or lover will ever know." But it is when Madeleine discusses "Mode and Maternity" that she is most scathing towards her sex. "The present fashion, if exaggerated, becomes the negation of femininity. . . . The tight fitting garments of to-day make prospective maternity immodest. . . . Modern woman is a pretty, careless creature, who does not think, who seldom loves, and who never becomes a mother. She is a soulless, heartless doll! Look at our Parisiennes, how they flatten any prominence of figure, how they diet themselves, how they confine their bodies in mummy-like sheathes in order to attain to the literary ideal of the perverted angel." According to Madame Tinayre, who is evidently no believer in "as good be out of the world as out of the fashion," this regrettable state of things is in the main due to our latter-day novelists. It is a pity that several of her pages are disfigured by some very careless printer's errors. Has that gentleman's reader become as extinct as the dodo?

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*A First Course in Projective Geometry.* By E. HOWARD SMART, M.A. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d.)

THE science of geometry is a very ancient one, and it is said to have been introduced into Greece from Egypt by Thales some five or six centuries before the Christian era. Closely connected with it are such famous



scientists as Plato, the Greek philosopher, and Euclid, of Alexandria; also Apollinius Pagaueus, who wrote the first great work on conic sections, and his illustrious contemporary Archimedes, followed by Nicomedes, inventor of the conchoid. From the ninth to the fourteenth century the science was kept alive by the Arabians, and then it was revived in Europe. Descartes, in the seventeenth century, invented analytical geometry. The present handbook is intended for the use of students who have mastered the substance of Books I-XI of Euclid, and who desire some introduction to the properties of the conic before proceeding to the study of the more advanced works on modern pure geometry. It is illustrated with a frontispiece and over a hundred diagrams. Professor Smart is head of the mathematical department at Birkbeck College.

*A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By W. E. H. LECKY. New Impression, 2 vols. (Longmans, Green and Co. 2s. 6d. net each.)

THE Messrs. Longmans are issuing a new edition of this well-known work, for which there is still a steady demand, especially at the popular price now charged for it. The two volumes before us carry the history to the death of George II in 1760, and the fall of Pondicherry in 1761, with the final discomfiture of the French in Hindustan, and the establishment on a firm basis of our Indian Empire. We think it would have been an advantage to the student if dates had been appended to the chapter headings, showing the periods with which they deal.

## Fiction

*Sinister Street.* By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

THERE are five hundred closely printed pages in this book, yet we are informed that it is but the half of the novel, and that the other half will follow early next year. There is nothing here that is not as it should be; but we do feel inclined to take Mr. Mackenzie aside and complain to him when we find that, in spite of those five hundred closely printed pages, the novel has not even begun. It has not even begun in the most elementary sense of giving us someone to be interested in. The present book purports to recount for us the life of one Charles Michael Saxby Fane until the time when he orders his thoughts towards Oxford; and the most exacting lover of detail will not deny that facts and details enough are given of the life supposed to have been led by that same Charles Michael Saxby Fane; but the unfortunate fact is that he has not yet begun to exist. He is but a name that serves as an excuse for an elaborate description of childhood and school affairs. It is not until page 350 that some of the names begin to distinguish themselves into personalities; and even after then the

distinction is not developed; that is to say, the characterisation is not worked out whether in terms of action or psychology. And when the book concludes the potentialities of conduct, and, therefore, of interest, still do not exist.

When such a state of affairs occurs with a novelist of the promise of Mr. Mackenzie it is interesting to see how it has been caused. To be compelled to deny at the end of a considerable book that there is no such person as its ostensible hero, is not sufficient. That is only a method of evasion; and, if nothing else prevailed, Mr. Mackenzie's standing as a novelist protects him from that easy device. And when we come to examine the book closely an interesting artistic problem reveals itself, that happens incidentally to concern in its implication a good deal of modern work in the novel. For the novel is not a hotch-pot into which anything and everything may be emptied. The position of each detail is exactly circumscribed by its significance. Any portion of any description that is not there for the better understanding of the central concern is just so much waste tissue; and the natural result of the inclusion of such indeterminate matter must be that the central concern will be hindered in its proper development. That sounds academic enough, to be sure; and though every defiance of academic statements is all to the good, yet Mr. Mackenzie does not justify himself. There is, for instance, a chapter entitled, characteristically enough, "Unending Childhood"; and in it is little that could not with advantage have been eliminated. Fane might have had to repeat "Mensa, mensa, mensam," and so forth in a meaningless ceremonial. We ourselves had to do so. But we suggest that it is nothing to the purpose that we should be told of it fully. We do not presume to say that to Mr. Mackenzie that ceremonial had not some significance; but he has not conveyed it to us, and that is the test of the book. In fact, it seems to us that Mr. Mackenzie himself has felt this; for he bends his mind to making these endless details interesting for themselves by his witty telling of them, and that is excellently legitimate, though it does not alter the fact. What is it to us that we should be told of the paper flowers that Michael made at the Kindergarten, or of his difficulties with *ei* and *éav* in the "Special"? Had these things, with many other such details fully told, been cut out, would the book have suffered?

We are compelled to answer our own question by saying frankly that the book in its present form would have suffered. Such details have come to occupy so large a part that the chief interest is derived from them and not from Charles Michael Saxby Fane, on whose account they were ordered. We are quite sure that this was not at all what a novelist like Mr. Mackenzie meant. He quotes at the outset the passage from one of Keats' letters to the effect that "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the

character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." That is, as it were, his text. Every external incident, therefore, only has significance in the degree in which it refers to this fact—or otherwise—of psychology. But he has turned aside from artistic restraint—or, let us say more precisely, his restraint in art—and let himself loose in details that have not that significance, with the result that they have crowded out the exposition of adolescence he intended, have banished Michael Fane and reign in his stead.

Yet even here a curious thing transpires; for the events of the latter half of the book are in themselves a great deal more interesting than the events of the first half, while being at the same time a great deal more in exposition of the personality that Fane in consequence begins now slowly to acquire. It is with the later introduction of Michael's friend Alan, and the contrast that Mr. Mackenzie now sets himself to display between the two, that the wheels of the story begin to grip the metals. But the whole fault of the book, at least thus far, is that it is not depicted from within outwards, but from without inwards, often not reaching the inner complication of nerves and desires, blood and emotions and resolutions, at all. That is even the case in the episodes of adolescence, though these are described as vivaciously as we should expect from Mr. Mackenzie's pen. The lack of condensation has, indeed, taken off the vivid glow from his style, but its general witty attitude remains though it shines no more. And this is especially so with regard to the latter half. It is not altogether easy to arrive at conclusions, since the book itself does not. Our judgment is left, like our interest, in mid-air. It would seem that Mr. Mackenzie never intended originally to publish the book in two halves. If he had he would probably have made each half self-contained and self-consistent; and this particular half is neither one nor the other, going lamely and uncertainly as a consequence. The other half is to be expected next year. Perhaps the two halves will fit perfectly together, and give each life. If they do, we shall rejoice. Yet at the moment our interest remains in suspended animation.

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*The Regent.* By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

"ISN'T father a funny man!" exclaims Edward Henry's eldest boy, in the final words of this book. Father, indeed, is a funny man, for although his deeds may not inspire any side-splitting bursts of laughter, the extraordinary situations which his overwhelming energy and his dare-devil recklessness bring about contain a species of amusement at times intense. For a parallel to them the reader must turn back to the story of "The Card," where the hero, "Denry," is exhibited as a youth. Those who enjoyed that lively account of his early career will remember that by the aid of a quick wit, an ingenuity that was not always untainted by dishonesty, and a determination often to "play the game" according to rules of his own, Edward Henry

Machin rose from poverty to the proud position of Alderman Machin of Bursley, successful man of the world, and a bit of a braggart. Not, admittedly, one of the most admirable characters in fiction, but certainly one of the most amusing fellows imaginable, simply because it was impossible to foresee where he would "break out," or into what fresh scrape he would plunge in the pursuit of his two ideals—the desire to be known as a "card," and money.

Machin, at the opening of this second stage of his biography, is dissatisfied, worried with things in general; between his wife and himself there were little misunderstandings, subtle discords. By a series of chances he meets a London actor and his right-hand man. He purchases an option on a theatre that is not yet built, more for a "lark" than any serious intention; his imagination begins to work. He goes to London, stays—for a wager of half a crown—at "Wilkins's," the hotel where "the theory was that every person entering its walls was of royal blood until he had admitted the contrary"; he throws himself headlong into the whirl of building and equipping a palatial opera-house, and in the story of this temple of poetic drama, "The Regent," lies the principal interest of the book. Some of the events are frankly overdrawn and strain the reader's attention unduly, but the greater part of the tale is beyond complaint. We need not give in detail the "dodges" and tricks, and dauntless "cheek," by which Edward Henry gains his own way. It is all comedy of the best, though the great opera-house only begins to pay when, at the cost of a flying visit to New York, its owner engages a famous—or infamous—militant suffragette to play a small part. At the finish we still find the hero dissatisfied, still feel that sympathy is lacking in his home life. The question is now in what fresh way can he spend the energy which a short spell at home will doubtless accumulate? Is there to be a third and concluding instalment of this queer "card" and his doings? If so, we imagine that its scene will be the Five Towns, where the hand of the author is most sure. For, to confess the truth, we feel that Mr. Bennett is not quite at home in his sudden transplanting of his chief character. That he enjoyed writing the book is evident; that we enjoyed reading it is certain; but we may be permitted to question whether even the fun of "Wilkins's" and the capture of London are as good as the more intimate scenes among the people of the district which we have learned to know from Mr. Bennett's previous studies.

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*Delfina o' the Dolphins.* By MARY ARGYLE TAYLOR. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. 6d. net.)

IN estimating the value of a book no heed should be given to its size or to the nominal value placed on it by its publisher. By those who take either of these as a criterion, the volume whose title heads this notice would probably be overlooked, for in size it extends to but 92 short pages, and in price it is far below that to which the professional novel-reader is accus-



tomed. Yet those who fail to take the opportunity of reading Miss Taylor's story will deprive themselves of a privilege which, if they were only acquainted with its nature, they would go very far to obtain; for this brief little story is in reality a gem whose lustre shines all the more brilliantly on account of the modest covering which surrounds it. Miss Taylor is to be congratulated on having succeeded where thousands of her fellow-craftsmen fail. No one, no matter what his or her character or disposition may be, can help benefiting from the book, and to rise from it, if only temporarily, a better man or woman—one a little closer to his Creator. Of few books can this be so truly said; yet it must not be thought that this little work is merely a moral or spiritual tonic. Merely as a piece of fiction, the resort of an idle hour, the story is one that seizes the attention with its opening sentences and retains that attention until the last page, which readers will be unanimous in feeling comes far too soon.

Miss Taylor is fortunate in the atmosphere she has chosen and in having caught it so thoroughly. The story lives, and has its being throughout, amid the glamour of Italy. Nevertheless, one feels that it is in reality quite independent of its setting, and that even if the author had chosen, for instance, the ugly surroundings of an English provincial town, its beauty would have been in no degree diminished. Miss Taylor has the gift of breathing into her characters the breath of life. One could recognise them as they passed in the streets. Days after having put the book down one is still conscious of their existence and their presence. The visitor to Rome who has had the good fortune of holding this little volume in his hands will not be able to avoid searching the neighbourhood of the old Ghetto in the hope that perchance he may have the good fortune to discover the Via Delfini, which, whether he find it or not, will not fail to exist for him. Down every turning he will glance in the hope that the Lady Delfina may be approaching. Every building that comes in sight will raise the hope that within it her children are at work and at play. In short, Miss Taylor has written a very beautiful little story, a book that deserves a shelf to itself, for few others have earned the right of proximity to it.

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*Love in the Hills.* By F. E. PENNY. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

INDIAN hill-stations have had a doubtful reputation since Rudyard Kipling wrote of them, but there is nothing in this last novel by Mrs. Penny to offend anyone's taste. The scene is laid in the military cantonment of Wellington, and in Coonoor, the hill-station near Ootacamund, both well known in the Madras Presidency. The local colouring, with the descriptions of the social life, the races, the mountain scenery, thick jungles, mists, and devious tracks, the tropical storms, the inhabitants and animals, will carry back many readers to happy days spent in the cooler

altitudes of India, as Mrs. Penny unfolds her story. The advent of the motor, "the devil-carriage that runs without horses," has changed Indian life in the hills as in the plains; but there is nothing impossible in the plot of this book, though the complication of previous marriages which besets the fate of the heroine is, happily, unusual: this serves, however, to maintain curiosity and interest as long as possible. The heroine—who does not monopolise all the love-making—is a young woman of character, which shows itself in a curious direction, in her liking for miscellaneous pets. She is human enough in her love affairs, from which she is never free, first with one lover, then with another, though no one could call her a flirt. The hero is a soldier and a gentleman, but too impassive, imperturbable, wooden, to be very attractive. His solidity and her character, of course, prevail over the scheming adventurer, with his chequered past and daring present. The native characters are judiciously divided into good and bad; the relation of their peculiarities shows the author's intimate acquaintance with Indian life; she gives quite enough of the type of broken English prevalent, chiefly in Southern India, without wearying the reader. Some of the other characters look like studies from life—the heavy, rather prosy Major, the Colonel's wife, the chaperone, the police officer, the lively, up-to-date young lady. The story is entertaining, and exhibits Mrs. Penny's ability in depicting an aspect of Indian life with which she is, presumably, familiar.

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*The Broken Halo.* By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

THE opening chapters of Mrs. Barclay's latest novel brought back to our mind a former work of hers, "Through the Postern Gate," with its description of the calf love of a stripling for a woman very much his senior in years. In "The Broken Halo" Dick Cameron, a youthful medical practitioner, devotes himself to the care of a wealthy widow quite old enough to be his mother, and presses her to marry him, that he may have more than a doctor's duty of tending her, of which there have been several instances in real life—and *inter alia* the advantage her money will bring him. But the book is more than a mere recital of Dick's devotion to Mrs. Herriot, his Little White Lady, which is both beautifully and forcibly told. There has been a terrible tragedy in her past life, and the relation of it occupies many pages, so that the reader has practically two stories in one in this volume of over 100,000 words, which in parts is absorbingly interesting.

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*The Proof of the Pudding.* By EDWIN PUGH. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

IF the reader of this exciting and ingenious story only allows himself to believe the central idea of the plot, the fulcrum upon which we might say the whole affair is moved, all is well. That a young and needy artist should be so utterly Bohemian as not only to sacrifice

the peerage to which he was legitimately entitled, but to set another man, an absolute stranger who bore a passable facial resemblance to himself, to occupy that high position in society, is of course incredible. Still, once we climb that barrier to our credulity, the fun becomes very entertaining. The troubles of Wease, the impostor, are amusing, and occasionally pathetic; in spite of a certain proportion of scoundrelism, he is not altogether a rogue, and his career is quite satisfactory and melodramatic. All ends well; Tommy, the real Sir Theodore Champ, marries the girl he loves (who turns out to be Lady Penelope Embers—such is the delightful way of the experienced novelist!) and Tommy's landlady happens to evolve into the long lost wife of the false Sir Theodore. The prime villain, Stiffidge, meets with the correctly dreadful death. What more can we say, save that it is all very unreal, very entertaining, and very annoying—as we know that Mr. Pugh could do really fine work if he cared to try.

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*The Adventures of Oliver Twist; or, The Parish Boy's Progress.* By CHARLES DICKENS. With 24 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)

OF editions of Dickens' famous works there seems to be no end; and now his old publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, have initiated the "Universal Edition" in twenty-two demy 8vo volumes, with 740 illustrations and two portraits of the great writer who has reached all hearts. Judging by this, the first one issued, it will be a marvel of cheapness. Cruikshank's original illustrations are well reproduced, the type is clear, and the binding all that could be desired, with one exception—the pages should be cut; for at this time of day it is too much to expect a reader to do the binder's work before he can enjoy the reading of a book he has paid for. This present edition of "Oliver Twist" contains all the emendations made in the text by Dickens in 1867 and 1868; there are also three prefaces penned by him for earlier editions. The story originally appeared as a serial in "Bentley's Miscellany" from 1837 to 1839.

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### A Book for Boys

*In the Grip of the Wild Wa.* By G. E. MITTON. (A. and C. Black.)

THE writer of a boys' book has to remember that boys are merciless critics, and the reviewer of a boys' book should recall to memory the days when he worried his bookseller towards the end of each month with the same shameless question: "Is the 'B.O.P.' out yet?" Those were the times when excitement ran high, when the month was a blank period of waiting for the continuation of a story by R. M. Ballantyne or Jules Verne, or Talbot Baines Reed, and when tremendous moral restraint was exercised in order to refrain from peeping into the weekly edition.

We happen to know that "In the Grip of the Wild Wa" is Miss Mitton's first attempt at a book for boys, and it will be recognised as high praise when we say that if this story were appearing in a periodical such as the "Boy's Own Paper," with monthly and weekly parts, physical restraint would have to be added to the moral restraint to prevent us from buying the weekly issue. Such adventures as fall to the hero's portion will not bear suspense. Luckily, in book form, we can take them in one huge, exhilarating dose. The difficulty comes when we want to give others an idea of the contents. To do so in detail is impossible. Angus Graham, plucky fellow, goes off as a stowaway on board a steamer *en route* for Burma, with a determination to save the family honour and fortunes, but the vaguest notion of how this is to be accomplished. A girl passenger makes friends with him, and surreptitiously feeds him; the steamer is wrecked in the Mediterranean; Angus, the girl, and the fourth officer are cast on a deserted island. But the hero reaches Burma in good time, and we discover that the events of this period are mere drawing-room adventures compared with the frays, floods, fires, and fevers, the head-cracking and treasure-hunting, that are encountered in the Far East. Normal boys, with a healthy appetite for thrills, will delight in this excellent book, for the best of it is that there seems very little straining after effect—all things happen quite naturally. If we mention the occasional mis-handling of a phrase, such as "his hand firmly locked in her rough red locks," or "looking out to sea with the deep-seeing expression," it is the most we can do in the way of complaint. We need hardly say that Angus meets "Mike," his jolly girl friend, once more, and that there is the faint suggestion of a romance which gives a spice to the whole affair. Miss Mitton is to be heartily congratulated upon this extension of her sphere.

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## The Theatre

### "Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane

ALMOST everything of journalistic interest is included in Mr. Arthur Collins's latest production. It sounds rather absurd to say that "Sealed Orders" far exceeds in dexterity the many other Drury Lane melodramas that have gone before, but it is merely a statement of fact. Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton have gathered together every possible sensation and every touch of nature that such a play will permit, and the management has provided the most capable company of artists that we remember to have seen in any one of these elaborate and costly autumn productions.

From the dramatic point of view the first act which takes place in 1893 is by far the best. Beginning with rather a tame scene in the garden of John Le Page's cottage at Epsom, we are soon taken to the office in Hatton Garden where Le Page, Mr. C. M. Hallard, has



been a diamond broker's clerk for twenty years, and now earns a very moderate wage. He has gambled a good deal and lost, and been found out by his employer's sporting son. The old Jewish dealer, Mendel Hart, one of the best characters in a long list, played with great skill by Mr. Robert Ayrton, will take no risks, so he dismisses Le Page there and then. The clerk's one idea is now to kill himself in such a way that his life insurance may pass to his only daughter.

His master, having given the hospitality of his safe to £20,000 worth of diamonds and two queer gold Chinese figures belonging to a friend, locks up and leaves Le Page to follow. The clerk has prepared drugs fit to take him off, and arranged a glass of his master's "dry Marsala," so that he may pass rapidly from a world which he thinks he can no longer face. While he is nerving himself for the deed, the ceiling above him is pierced, and he understands that diamond thieves are at work. He hides himself, and soon a scientific burglar is engaged upon the safe. When the door is opened a shower of papers and dust descend upon the man; he is almost choked. He sees the glass of wine. He drinks and dies. Le Page grasps the situation and takes the diamonds; he fetches the police and a second burglar is arrested for the death of his comrade. All this is rapid melodrama of the most convincing character, admirably and directly played.

The next two acts are greatly complicated, but so cleverly done and so wisely acted that the attention of the audience is tightly held throughout the fourteen following scenes. The sealed orders are given to an important admiral whose wife has drifted into the power of a Baron Kurdmann, Mr. Julian Royce, who also has in his power Le Page, who has now changed his name to Gaston Fournal. It is twenty years since the burglary and the man Le Page allowed to go to prison for manslaughter is "out," and his gang wants to know what has become of the swag. This man, Joe Allan, made quite sufficiently unpleasant by Mr. Clifton Alderson, eventually finds Le Page, and their death from an airship is one of the many violent sensations of the play.

For our part, we think the Hatton Garden office scene the best, but for those who desire bigger affairs there is the flower show at Chelsea, the wonderful gambling club in Wilton Square, the decorated deck of a big battleship, Christie's rooms, and the remarkable mid-air effects. On these and other scenes, the exciting melodrama of the stolen orders, stolen by the Admiral's wife, Lady Felicia Gaveston, Miss Madge Fabian, is intermingled with the affair of the diamonds, the wicked foreign agent, and the humours of Mrs. O'Mara, Miss Fanny Brough, and her lover Cagleostro, Mr. Hall Hamilton. Although complicated by crowds of characters and remarkable stage effects, the authors have done much to give a human note to the play, and every now and then the well-skilled actors get their chance and take it with both hands.

Mr. Edward Sass, for example, is convincing as the Admiral, and Mr. E. H. Kelly gives an amusing sketch of a young Jew diamond broker, with a taste for the

turf, in the first act, and afterwards as a money-lender. But, no doubt with the intention of giving lightness to the play, he overdoes the vulgarity of Bertie Hart. He would have been to Harrow, we feel sure, and lost many of the outward signs of his family's recent rise in the world.

Miss Fabian wore the most lovely dresses, and looked beautiful, and, wherever possible, made her rather theatrical part almost human. Mr. Hall Hamilton was as popular as in his "Get Rich" play, and spoke as quickly, and yet his part was something too long. Almost everyone in the cast was excellent, and "Sealed Orders" is essentially a play to see. It marks a definite point in English melodrama, and discovers a wonderful amount of talent and theatric skill. It is, in its particular way, a great victory—a play that may be sure of crowded houses until Christmas.

### "Years of Discretion" at the Globe Theatre

THERE is a delectable, and to a great extent fresh, idea underlying this new comedy by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, an idea which Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. Aubrey Smith seem intended by nature to make most agreeable and sympathetic. It is a very simple but a quite possible proposition that a lady of forty-eight, such as Mrs. Farrell Howard, after a life of dull subjugation, should desire to have a few years of gaiety and, if possible, love. It is quite likely that a *débonnaire* and handsome man of fifty-something should be captivated by her charm of manner, for is she not Miss Irving? and that, later, they should find that their brave airs of youth were assumed, and that they could be quite happy without the adventitious decorations which one, at least, of them so freely used.

There is a delightful play in such a story, and "Years of Discretion" gives it to us in an agreeable form. It is true that when some of Mrs. Howard's many admirers, other than the Christopher Dallas of Mr. Smith, are talking, we feel that the play should be in one act, rather than in three. Her lovers, Michael Doyle, Mr. Lionel Atwill, John Strong, Mr. Philip Cunningham, Amos Thomas, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, are intended to be widely diverse character-sketches—but they all rank, quite easily, under the denomination of the stage-bore. This is also true of Mr. Garden's Metz, the butler, and, we fear, Miss Dora Sevening's maid, Anna, and Miss Sybil Carlisle's friend of Mrs. Howard, Margaret Brinton. Thus we are only left with Christopher Dallas, Mrs. Farrell Howard, and her grown-up son, played with infinite skill and tact by Mr. Stafford Hilliard.

In our opinion, these are enough. A play with a distinct and human idea and three actors who are both attractive and accomplished—such an arrangement is a feast of delight in our day, and we greatly hope that "Years of Discretion" will be as fortunate as, say,

"Lady Frederick." Perhaps the boring side of the play and the lack of wit in the dialogue is a little disappointing, but these regrets are taken from us by the personalities and effective acting of Miss Irving, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Hilliard.

As for the production, it is as excellent as Mr. Frohman always provides. The dresses alone are a delight even to the most unknowing person. When Mrs. Howard explains to her friend, Mrs. Brinton, that she has decided to give up being a dull, house-keeping widow, and has just bought sixteen models from the greatest robber in the way of dressmakers that New York can produce, she does not boast in vain. The gowns and cloaks and hats and things that Miss Irving wears in her uncomfortable butterfly days are beautiful and gay beyond belief. Miss Carlisle, too, wears dresses which would make almost any woman under fifty know the joy of life.

During the few dull moments which the play gives one—when Miss Irving is off the stage—one turns to the programme and finds that the gifted pianist who plays Chopin with so much delicacy and feeling during the *entr'actes* is Miss Elizabeth Meacham, whom we welcome and congratulate. But we also notice that, including Mr. Charles Frohman and Mr. Gilbert Porteous, there are no less than eight managing people blazoned before us in pretty large type. Is not that rather an army of generals to conduct the campaign of one little comedy? Can we be surprised that theatrical productions do not always pay in London?

### "The Ever Open Door" at the Aldwych Theatre

FOR years there has gone up a cry from amongst us for cheaper theatres: stalls that were less than half a guinea, pits and galleries that could compete on equal terms with the picture-shows which are said to delight the million. At the Aldwych, Mr. Loader gives us this cheaper house, and the result is not very gay. Ladies in tailor-made jackets—with a good deal of lace round the neck—and men in morning dress with rather dingy-looking linen and diamond studs appear to be the people who like cheap stalls. But, then, "The Ever Open Door" is, also an extremely cheap melodrama, and what the complainants really want is, of course, "The Great Adventure" for fourpence, or the best of the Russian ballets at three-three-farthings. In the present case the audiences have asked for something cheap, and they have got it; whether it will prove profitable remains a secret, but in the meantime there is plenty of applause and even some good examples of hissing for the villains—who expose their vices with almost superhuman candour.

We gather that Mr. Loader is a very plucky manager, if not very happily inspired. After his courageous experiment with diamonds and a duchess which made the groundlings laugh a good deal in wrong places, he produces—after some excellent heralding—an antique melodrama by the veteran, Mr. George R.

Sims, and a fellow-labourer, Mr. Herbert. We do not remember having seen much of the work of Mr. Sims, but his name is familiar as a household and wayside word. Whether his play is in a new style for him we cannot say, or whether the incidents—already so utterly fatigued and artificial—are the work of his collaborator, are things that are hidden from us.

But we do know perfectly well that the result is one of the most powerful depressants we have encountered in the theatre this season, and that is to say a good deal, for some dozen plays have already been produced this autumn. But this fact also implies that "The Ever Open Door" is likely to be successful. There are enormous crowds of people who desire some agent which lowers their vital powers, and loving to be reduced to tears, they will snatch at the most obvious stage trick and revel in their emotion without thought of art or life or any of those bothering things. For such people the highly-wrought, impossible situations provided by Mr. Sims and Mr. Herbert are especially designed.

Poor Miss Hilda Spong, as the widow who is called "Miriam, Lady Dereham," although there is no other person with her title in the play, simply exudes tears and kindness, innocent remorse and all the virtues, all the way. Every lover of weeping, whose heart is simple, will delight in her trials in search of her son Robbie, Miss Ruth Bidwell, whom she is supposed to have unwittingly murdered. The boy is returned to her when she joins Father Clement's "Ever Open Door Home," and after twelve scenes of tears, reminiscences of Charles Dickens, crude and rather didactic humour and trivialities and banalities to any extent, she is happy with her son, all villains are confounded, and the audience ceases to weep. The artificiality of the play obliges the actors to assume a like manner; their methods, even those of the gifted and charming Miss Janet Alexander, come to us across the footlights like some forgotten phantom of the far-off nineteenth century. And yet we hope "The Ever Open Door" will prove an immense success, for that should stimulate the real playwrights of the present day, of whom, were it not too personal, we could name at least a dozen, to show us something of their quality and for ever establish the impossibility of such artless exhibitions as this curiously called "new drama." EGAN MEW.

Mr. Murray is publishing in his "Questions of the Day" series two books of interest to students of politics. The first, written by "An Irishman," is entitled "Is Ulster Right?" and puts in plain, straightforward fashion the reasons—historical, political, financial—which have caused Ulstermen to oppose the idea of Home Rule. The other work, to which Mr. Rowland Prothero contributes an introduction, treats of "The Occupying Ownership of Land." Besides containing an analysis of the position of the tenant farmers to-day, it makes suggestions drawn from practical experience for remedying the present depression in agriculture.



## The Three Choirs' Festival

THE Festival of the Three Choirs, being held at Gloucester this year, placed Dr. A. H. Brewer in the position of conductor-in-chief, with various composers assisting by conducting their own works. One of the features of the festival has been the way in which Dr. Brewer has achieved distinction. He has shown himself a musician and a disciplinarian of powers much above the ordinary, and it is not improbable that this year's gathering will be remembered as the one in which a hitherto almost unheeded musician was recognised as above his fellows.

Beginning with a "Grand Opening Service" on Sunday afternoon, September 7, the musical interest did not seriously arise till the Tuesday, when Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given. The manner in which this was sung indicated that the interest of chorus singers in the work is depreciating almost as much as that of audiences; and at Gloucester the number of tickets sold decreases with remarkable regularity, if not to an alarming extent. It served, however, to show that the voices of the chorus were fresh, and the proportions well balanced; it also showed how well Mr. Dalton Baker can sing on occasion, and how badly Madame Ada Crossley can do so.

"The Dream of Gerontius" in the evening indicated the weakness and strength of various people. Sir Edward Elgar conducted the work himself, but he never had any real control of the chorus. What ability he possesses as a conductor is entirely with an orchestra, as was seen by the magnificent performance of his second Symphony which he directed on Thursday afternoon.

In the very widely different styles of Brahms' Symphony in D, and Bach's "The Passion according to St. Matthew," Dr. Brewer was at his happiest. The symphony was given quite an individual reading without any eccentricities, and the great choral work was masterly in its reverence and dignity. In this again Mr. Dalton Baker distinguished himself, and with him were worthily associated Mr. Gervase Elwes and Mr. Robert Radford. The edition used was the one made for the Worcester Festival of 1911 by Sir Edward Elgar and Mr. Ivor Atkins, which fits exactly the requirements of a cathedral performance. Of other classical choral works Verdi's Requiem was most successfully attempted, and apart from the main forces of chorus and orchestra, over whom Dr. Brewer exercised a strong control, the soloists all sang with fine feeling. They were Madame Acktè, Miss Mildred Jones, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Dalton Baker. A mistake was made in putting in the same programme as this a selection from Handel's "Israel in Egypt," though the prelude from "Parsifal" helped to reduce the sharpness of the contrast. "The Messiah," with which the festival concluded, was better treated than is often the case at such times, and the chorus showed little sign of weariness. Miss Ruth Vincent and Madame Ada Crossley, neither of whom had been quite satisfactory in other works, showed in

this that they both possessed voices and intelligence above the ordinary.

In point of size the most important of the novelties was a new oratorio, "The Promised Land," specially written by Dr. Camille Saint-Saëns. To honour the veteran composer the Gloucester Committee had broken a long tradition of having only novelties by British composers. It was all the more regrettable, therefore, that he was so sadly misled as to English tastes and education in musical matters. He had a Biblical libretto compiled in a style that in its palmiest days was rarely effective, and which went out of fashion a quarter of a century or more ago. The music to which it is set is equally old-fashioned, and entirely lacking in originality. It is quite possible, in fact, to trace the styles of half a dozen different composers who were popular in England a generation ago, and it is to be feared that Dr. Saint-Saëns, in his attempt to please English people, has allowed himself, in common parlance, to be "gulled" by those who ought to have known better. Whatever the cause, his latest work can only be written down a failure. Much more to the point, though less ambitious, was Sir C. V. Stanford's little *motet* for unaccompanied chorus, "Ye Holy Angels Bright," based on a popular hymn and hymn tune. Mr. W. H. Reed had also a pleasant little caprice for orchestra which he entitled "Will o' the Wisp"; why it should be so named it was difficult to see, but the title did not detract from the effectiveness of the orchestral writing. "Luonnotar," a new *scena* for soprano solo with orchestral accompaniment, by Jean Sibelius, was magnificently sung by Madame Acktè, and proved pleasing, though of no very great significance. It is also in a slightly different style from most of the same composer's work. Other items of interest were Dr. Brewer's choral ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens," Sir Hubert Parry's "Te Deum," revised for the occasion and conducted by the composer, and the neat playing of Saint-Saëns in a pianoforte concerto of Mozart. H. A.

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## Are Publishers Philanthropists?

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

HAVING pretty well exhausted the modern woman as a topic of off-season discussion, our autumn controversialists seem disposed to switch their attention on to the modern book. Of both articles there are admittedly too many; but whereas no one seems to have evolved a practical scheme for dealing with the superfluity of women, the task of staying the plague of books appears to be regarded in some quarters as a ridiculously easy one. The method of procedure, as suggested by the sapient pamphleteers and leader-writers who have been liberating their minds on the subject, has no doubt a specious air of delightful simplicity. The obvious remedy for the excessive production of new books, they profoundly insist, is to

limit the output; the plain way to prevent the publication of inferior books is to publish only good ones.

It sounds, in Hamlet's genial phrase, "as easy as lying"; and so perhaps it would be, if only the publishers could be induced to tear up their balance-sheets, fling behind them all sordid considerations of profit and loss, and come forth as the altruistic pioneers of a great crusade for the compulsory improvement of the public taste in literature. For it is this, and nothing less than this, that is clearly demanded of them by their present mentors. It is their moral duty, they are told in effect, to give their customers not the kind of books that their customers want, but the kind of books that their customers ought to have; and to this end they are admonished to leave off issuing spring and autumn lists packed with more or less tempting plums for an indiscriminating public, and to limit their annual operations to the production of a small number of books, all of which must conform to a high literary standard. The indiscriminating public, finding the supply of inferior books thus cut off at the source, would have no option but to read the good ones, fit though few, which were left to them; and hey, presto! the thing would be done, and the great work of literary reform would be an automatically accomplished fact.

This is high-souled advice indeed; and it reveals a sublime contempt for all material considerations which claims a tribute of respectful and astonished admiration. The difficulty is that the publishers may fail to appreciate the merits of a plan which so complacently assigns to them the rôle of sacrificial victims, and may quite reasonably demand, in colloquial and recklessly unliterary language, where precisely they "come in" under the proposed arrangement. They may further want to know why they, more than others, should be expected to convert themselves from men of business into philanthropical idealists, and to conduct the concerns upon which they depend for a livelihood on lines that would inevitably lead in the disastrous direction of Carey Street. And, finally, they may scout with deserved derision the ingenious theory that people can be made to read the kind of books that do not appeal to them by the simple method of depriving them of the kind of books that do.

Obviously, it would be an advantage if something could be done to moderate the torrential downpour of assorted rubbish which periodically floods the book-market. But it is absurd to blink the fact that a very large proportion of this twaddle between covers is produced in compliance with the inexorable law of demand and supply. The publisher, after all, is in the same position as the vendor of any other commodity, in the vital respect that, if he desires to secure and retain sufficient patronage to make his business a paying concern, he must perforce consult the tastes and requirements of his customers. A provision dealer in a lower middle-class neighbourhood who sought to elevate the gastronomic tone of his district by stocking his shop exclusively with caviare, plovers' eggs, and *pâtés de foie gras* would get and deserve scant sym-

pathy when in due course the bailiffs entered into possession of his premises. Yet he would be guilty of no more suicidal rashness than that of the modern publisher who should attempt to conduct his business on the Quixotic principle of ignoring lower middle-class literary tastes and preferences, and dealing only in wares which appealed to a cultured but exiguous minority. One has but to recall the titles and authors of some of the "best sellers" of recent years to realise to the full the cynical cruelty of expecting publishers thus to run counter to the standards of those upon whom their material prosperity depends.

But, as already noted, it is in respect of quantity, no less than in that of quality, that they are being coolly invited to face bankruptcy in the heroic pursuit of high literary ideals. The books they issue are not only to be as good as possible in calibre, but as few as possible in number. In this latter pitiless proviso the unhappy publisher may be forgiven for recognising the last straw in the intolerable burden of philanthropy which his advisers are attempting to fasten upon his back. For his business is essentially, and before all things, a speculative one; and it is rarely that he can predict with confidence the approximate financial result of any particular venture. If, therefore, his chances of "striking oil," woefully circumscribed by a calculated defiance of popular taste, were to be still further restricted by the limitation of his output to some half-dozen or so volumes a year, he might as well put up his shutters at once, and turn his attention to some calling in which he was not expected to contribute to the elevation of his neighbours' minds at the cost of his own starvation.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, all this tall talk about the moral duty of publishers is so much transcendental humbug. In that blissful future of triumphant Socialism foreshadowed for us by Mr. Wells and other like-minded seers, the reading of the whole community will doubtless be compulsorily limited to a choice assortment of improving books, selected and provided by a benevolently despotic State. But in the meantime, and until freedom has been finally abolished as an exploded superstition, we had far better let the trouble of superfluous books adjust itself by the survival of the fittest, and allow the publishers to earn their bread and butter as, how, and if they can.

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Messrs. Fraser, Asher and Co., Ltd., of 164, Howard Street, Glasgow, will shortly publish "The Overlander, and Other Verses," by Will Ogilvie, at 3s. net.

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The first performance of "Collision," by Bridget MacLagan, to be given under the management of Norman McKinnel and Frederick Whelen at the Vaudeville Theatre, has now been fixed for Wednesday, October 1. Among the cast will be Miss Alice Crawford, Miss Grace Lane, Mr. Malcolm Cherry, and Mr. Norman McKinnel.



## Notes for Collectors

## EARLY COLOUR PRINTS.

ENGRAVINGS printed in colour between the years 1770 and 1820 have grown so immensely in value, even since 1900, when Mrs. Frankau published the first work on the subject, that one would expect all those interested in the matter to be pretty well informed. And yet in all the many highways and byways of collecting there is hardly any other in which people appear so easily misled.

It is, perhaps, because the recent production of copies are in themselves often very admirable, but mainly, we think, because people do not trouble themselves to master the technique of colour printing as it was carried out in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Recently a correspondent sent us the following statement:—"To the man in the street there is one point about coloured prints that is a dark subject. Say an engraver graves a picture from a painting and it is said to be a Brown after Jones. Afterwards the said engraving is published as a coloured print. Is it understood that the painter from whose work the engraving was taken *also painted the print*? A concrete case—J. R. Smith engraved after Morland, Peters, etc., and these engravings are now painted. Who painted them? Was it Morland and Peters respectively? Or did their connection with the painting begin and end with the original painting from which the engraving was taken?"

"Some titles say: 'Painted by Morland, engraved by Smith'; and not 'after Morland.' Does such wording mean that Morland painted the engraving? Or does the expression 'after Peters' signify that Peters or Morland had nothing to do with the *painting of the print*, but only with the original picture from which the engraving was taken?"

What really happened in regard to colour prints after the works of such painters as our correspondent mentions, was that the engraver treated his plate without much thought of the colour effects which might be later produced.

Having printed his monochrome pictures the commercial question as to whether the subject would sell well in colour was then considered. In no case that we know of were artists such as Morland or Peters asked to do more than paint their original picture in such medium as suited them. After the engraver, it was for the colour printer to deal with the matter. His work may have been done from the original picture or from a pattern made for his use, but the artist and the engraver and the colour printer were in no way closely connected in their work, although the results owed much to the skill of all three. Of course the idea of an artist painting in water-colour a monochrome engraving after one of his pictures is a possible thing to have happened, but we have never heard of it in regard to any work of importance. And it will be remembered that the painted engraving, as distinguished from the colour print, holds a very small place in the esteem of collectors, although

many fine colour prints have been touched here and there with water-colour, especially eyes have been treated in this way. A simple way of distinguishing a colour print from a monochrome engraving which has been coloured by hand, is to use a strong glass, when in the case of the colour print the spaces between the dots will be found to be white, while when painted the wash is over the whole surface.

E. M.

## In Fiord-Land

BY W. H. KOEBEL

## II

WE had placed no æsthetic hopes on Bergen. We had imagined it a place of walls, and roofs, and fishy smells. To us it had represented nothing more than the spot where we left the steamer and joined the earth. In fact, it was to be the telegraph wire on which the northward-bound swallows might rest before plunging into the wilds of the interior.

It was the Imp who first placed disturbing thoughts in our heads. There were things to be seen in Bergen, she announced, as the *Aaro* steamed along the bright blue waters; a Hanseatic Museum, for one thing, two fine old churches. . . . Not without difficulty we prevailed on her to cease. We had come to Norway to commune with nature, to tread glaciers, to gaze into the liquid mirrors of the Fiords, to lie in the cool shade of pine-woods, possibly to toy with a salmon. What part had museums, galleries, and churches in all this?

Now the Imp was the youngest of the party, a flapping object of less than fourteen summers. But she has cultivated views, and openly rejoices in the frequently-flung term of abuse "the unsquashable!"

Even if these churches and other objects were there, why should we see them? If we felt in need of a shirt, were we obliged to buy a cabbage because a green-grocer's shop was next door to the haberdasher's? Nevertheless, it seemed that the Imp was influencing the two other female members of the party. Left to itself, this sort of longing might develop into a vice. Here we were, with the eyes of every majestic old viking upon us. . . .

The crisis was averted by the interruption of a parson, a pleasant and tried Norwegian student whose acquaintance we had already made. The sound of the word "viking" had drawn him to us as surely as a waxen flower attracts the bee. And then—in a moment and a casual voice—he had shattered a cherished illusion. Did we know the derivation of "Viking"? No? Simple enough. Vik, a bay, Viking, a dweller in a bay. The Vikings used to dwell in the bays of the Fiords. We would have contradicted him if we could. There was nothing regal in a viking then! A mere dweller in a bay—a profession shared by lodging-house keepers and bathing-machine men! The iconoclastic parson continued his talk; but upon us the gloom sat heavily.

What a beginning to our trip! Museums loomed threateningly over us; the glamour of the majestic viking was gone!

The *Aaro* continued on her course as though nothing had happened. We rounded a promontory—whether it was the fiftieth or the five hundredth passed that day who can say?—and an unusually imposing stretch of water, flanked by tall mountains, stretched before us. At the end of one of the main watery arms lay Bergen. There were houses on the mountains, and tiers of roofs below eaten into here and there by the thirsty inlets of the Fiord.

We stared hard at the place pointed out to us. Now this was no mere commercial town. It nestled—positively nestled—in its particular mountain folds and on its little peninsulas. No genuine industrial centre ever nestled. In fact, the aspect of the place was charming. We admitted to ourselves that Bergen might be a town of fish and fishy things. If so, it had carefully hidden the cloven fin beneath a delightfully romantic exterior. The *Aaro* made for one of the inlets, flanked by houses, from which sprouted a small thin forest of masts and funnels. Presently she drew alongside the quay. From the shore men in dark clothes and girls in white costumes were waving handkerchiefs of welcome. Beyond this all was tranquillity, although the quay was crowded with labourers, hotel-porters, and the usual dock-loungers. On the outskirts of the throng, a solitary policeman preserved an air of contemplative benevolence. What would happen in a Norwegian riot? we wondered. Could one of these policemen really suppress a few thousand men, or were the few thousand men of a nature which did not require suppressing. Time would show.

The stewards had dived below in a body, to reappear, like ants, bent beneath various-shaped burdens. The cabin region was giving up its baggage. Our own lay in an expectant heap. A customs officer approached. There are various ways of approaching a customs officer—one may be servile, overbearing.

"It's a very good thing," suggested the Imp, "to ask him if you have to pay duty on all the things that you know you *don't*. Then he thinks you're honest, and doesn't worry." Before we had time to digest this inventive stroke of youthful depravity, the officer had advanced into our very midst. His countenance was peculiarly firm. Indeed, from his appearance, he was the last person on which to try experiments. Moreover, he spoke very plain English.

"You have nothing dutiable," he asserted impressively; "you are travelling for pleasure. You have brought only personal things with you."

It was true. Had it been otherwise we should scarcely have dared to contradict him, so confident was his tone. In which case would smuggling have been justified by a refusal to differ from the Revenue personified? But no time remained to devote to the interesting problem. From remarks on all hands we gathered to our dismay that Bergen was over-run with visitors, and that the hotels were crowded.

Presently we were rolling along in a dignified two-horsed vehicle to the Hotel Norge. As we swept along the line of quays, flanked by their quaint gabled houses, the finny attributes of the place were brought home to us at once. Piles of fish lay on the stones of the quay; heaps of fish rose in boxes and barrels, while here and there were salt-water tanks filled with various marine specimens. Every other person, moreover, carried a fish, sometimes in one hand, sometimes in both. Men and women carried them as naturally as dwellers of other lands would handle a stick or umbrella. It struck us that, without a fish to hold, a true inhabitant of Bergen would scarcely know what to do with his hands!

But the true devotion of the Bergenite to the produce of his Fiords was best illustrated by the youngsters. Here, for instance, were three boys, each bearing a small handful of prepared sardines. And—would it be believed!—each was nibbling at the small fish, and taking periodical bites exactly as though the sardines were sweetmeats.

Our luck appeared extraordinary! We had travelled scarcely more than a few yards on Norwegian soil when we had made a discovery of this importance. That which the peppermint, the chocolate, the bullseye, the apple, represented to British boys, the sardine was to the Norwegian lad! Encouraged by this rapid insight into the domestic life of the nation, we rolled onwards in the direction of the Hotel Norge.

## Florence: A Study in Impressions

IT were a mere axiom to remark that no two persons are impressed in the same manner or to the same degree on first becoming acquainted with a foreign city. As the traveller looks back upon his original introduction to a place, often his memories of it are coloured perhaps by some quite extraneous circumstance that might easily have happened anywhere else. How frequently is it possible to read between the lines of the hasty judgment of some unimaginative globe-trotter, whose caustic criticism is plainly permeated with the disgust due perhaps to unfavourable weather conditions, or to the shortcomings in the *cuisine* of the hotel at which an untoward fate had landed him. Even such an insignificant matter as the receipt of base coin—palmed upon the stranger in one of his trustful moments—has been known to tinge the victim's reminiscences of some undoubtedly charming old city! It would be difficult indeed to judge impartially the beauty of a city like Venice, for example, when her time-stained marbles, as well as the ardour of the traveller, are chilled by the penetrating winds that sweep over her numerous waterways in the dead of winter. The lapse of time, however, usually removes any little, transient angularities from the memory, and ultimately allows the true impression to stand up in its radiant symmetry.

Undoubtedly, the ideal method of making the acquaintance of a foreign country is to follow the true



Borrovian plan of mixing freely with the natives; but, though it would be impossible and perhaps undesirable for everyone to emulate the daring originality of "Lavengro," it is certainly advisable to seek as much as possible of their society in order the better to understand them.

It is boring beyond all ordinary powers of description to think of the anomalies that are constantly to be met with in many historical places both at home and abroad. Who can readily separate from his recollections of Pompeii the shock to the feelings when it was discovered that a brand new turnstile had to be passed in order to enter the remains of the First Century? At sight of this ugly metal lump of modernism, visions of the barrier at the entrance to a football ground jostle one another; and, afterwards, when the old Roman amphitheatre is reached, it is almost surprising that some Cup-Tie is not being played therein!

The Foro Romano with its wreckage of the dead cast up on the sands of the centuries, and the almost countless legions of Renaissance churches and palaces, have often failed to throw the glamour of "The Eternal City" upon the stranger in any substantial degree. The Colosseum itself appears like unto a huge pie, from the circumference of which some greedy giant of the past, or even Father Time himself, has bitten an enormous chunk! There is, to many, always present a feeling that Rome is essentially a magnificent graveyard dotted with the splintered and the decaying monuments of the Cæsars and the Popes; a condition that tends to induce her citizens of to-day to dwell morosely in the brilliant past, instead of inspiring them to immediate action in promoting an even more splendid future. To perambulate her streets is like passing along the corridors of a charnel house; the shaft of every marble column appearing like some gaunt skeleton rescued from the very bosom of perdition; and the "eyes" of every Ionic capital grinning down upon us like the empty sockets of some ancient Roman's skull. The very number of the churches seems to pall upon one in the end; and each over-decorated façade blatantly vies with its neighbour for attention, as do the illustrated posters on the hoardings of a London street.

Venice, with all the charm of her chromatic richness and her unsurpassable waterways, sits in widowed splendour amidst the floating mists of the lonely lagoons, like some phantom swan; and her deserted palaces and dilapidated walls somehow suggest that her glorious life is fast ebbing out and her gentle swansong not far distant. The tottering irregularities of her battered palace fronts—leaning as they do in the threatening attitude of a sublime indifference to things mundane—produce a strange resemblance to some grey-haired pensioners leaning heavily on their crutches and resignedly awaiting the result of their final battle with life. Indeed, like a double row of frail Crimean veterans lined up to salute their King, those hoary palaces on the Grand Canal seem to stand at-ease awaiting the arrival and the admiration of the

modern Kings of Commerce and their fair kindred who "do" the sights of Italy year after year.

It is the little corner containing the monuments of the great Scaliger family that is the pivot round which revolve the traveller's memories of Verona. Chaste in proportion and exquisite in design, those charming fragments of Gothic art are veritable gems of the purest water—wonderfully symbolic of all that was best and noblest in the lives of those heroes of old who ruled over the destiny of Verona honourably and long. In this ancient city—which has a name as beautiful as herself—it is an incessant delight to stroll quietly along the old streets with their smiling Gothic fronts and graceful balconies. From the venerable stateliness of the old bridge to the quiet dignity of the Scaliger monuments, the whole city breathes forth that subtle fascination which is entirely unnameable, for one feels nearer to the heart of things in the peaceful seclusion of such an enchanting place.

The ordered simplicity of the Campo Santo at Pisa must always powerfully impress the Briton by the striking contrast it affords with the medley produced by the heterogeneous collection of urns, obelisks, columns, and other symbols of mortal grief, that characterises the average British cemetery. A note of life is secured by the remarkable frescoes which adorn the tombs; but it surely is the height of paradox to know that the reputation of the artists has outlived that of the long-forgotten tenants of the tombs beneath—a striking case of what old Dictionary Johnson would have called "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

But Florence—that fairest flower in the whole Tuscan garden—who can resist her alluring spell and readily forget her soft and subtle beauty? Hers is an altogether indefinable, almost mystic, charm that cannot worthily be reduced to mere words and phrases. Whilst the appeal of Venice may be said to be mainly emotional—owing primarily to the amount of colour in her composition and to the picturesqueness of her situation—Florence attracts us on intellectual grounds by the majestic refinement of her architecture and the austere simplicity of her streets. Though her former greatness has vanished beyond recall, the daring boldness of her cliff-like palace fronts and the spacious dignity of the lofty halls within, betray a breadth of vision and a contempt of Time that keep her beauty ever young. Upon her rugged stones the scars of history have healed as on some lusty youth; and the blood-drenched pavements of her winding streets now joyfully resound to the confident tramp of a generation whose life is more passive than of old.

This fair flower by the banks of Arno has a fragrance all her own. Fresh inspiration seems to lurk at every doorway under her old, red roofs, and the beauty of her past calls out at every turning. The very spirits of the immortals seem to take one by the elbow as one silently ruminates along the streets; and a feeling of kinship with the place appears to grow upon one day by day. Walk in the great Piazza, and you are where the populace gazed in significant silence upon the martyrdom

of Savonarola. Wander along the classic banks of the lovely Arno, and you trespass on the hallowed ground where Dante met Beatrice. Lean on the polished parapet of the Old Bridge as it humps its back across the river under a glittering load of goldsmiths' trinkets, and you brush shoulders with the spirit of cunning old Cellini, whose monument adorns the bridge. Cross the threshold of the Palazzo Riccardi, and you tread where passed the artistic genius of an entire era to fulfil the commands of the "Pater Patriæ," and of "Lorenzo Il Magnifico." Visit San Salvatore on the Mount, and you intrude on the secluded retreat of Michelangelo the Master—his "Fair Country Maiden," as he lovingly called it—where he rested from his Titanic labours and brooded over his artistic creations, and doubtless day-dreamed, "with thoughts too deep for tears," of his ideal republican city unfettered by the moth and rust of political corruption. Stroll round Or San Michele, and the quintessence of Italian Renaissance sculpture stands revealed within the canopied niches of its traceried walls. Climb to the roof of the Campanile, and you attain the metaphorical summit of the heaven-illuminated genius of Giotto. Linger under the arches of the Bigallo, and fancy conjures up the figure of old Machiavelli cynically surveying the multitude of his contemporaries from under its shady vaults. Stand at the main portal of the Duomo, and opposite is Ghiberti's great bronze door of the ancient Baptistery which Michelangelo himself generously pronounced to be worthy of gracing the very entrance to Paradise.

It was this "Flower of Cities" that first cradled the spirit of that great Renaissance movement which was destined to overspread Europe and to help remove the superstitious shackles from the wayward feet of men. Throughout the centuries she has been the centre of the intellectual and the artistic life of the peninsula—a position which she worthily maintains to-day; and it is therefore to Florence that we must look for the advent of the guiding genius who will yet steer Young Italy to her former place in the sun.

## The London Salon of Photography

THERE are more pictures than have ever been shown at the London Salon of Photography this year. The catalogue numbers 348, and of these several are the work of photographers of Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and America. This year also for the first time are seen some post-impressionist efforts. These come from Germany, and are by Dr. Quedenfeldt. They certainly do not err on the side of beauty, although they are bound to secure a certain amount of attention on account of their novelty. Mr. John H. Anderson's studies, "A Crowded Harbour," "An East Coast Harbour," "The Trawl Harbour," "Quayside," "A Canal Scene, Amsterdam," and "Lower Thames Street," need very little description—the titles give a complete idea of the subjects Mr. Anderson handles so well. The light on "The Sheik's

Tomb," by Mr. Alex. Keighley, is excellent, and Madame D'Ora is again exhibiting some good pictures, her "Madame Pavlova" being exceptionally pleasing. "The Invading Army" of Mr. Walter Benington is very realistic, and depicts the scene at a railway station just as city men are arriving to catch their train on their homeward journey. A "Study of Birch Trees in Winter," by Mr. J. L. Tucker, is one of the best pictures in colour in the exhibition. These are only a few of the many deserving praise, for all show careful study and praiseworthy efforts. No one interested in the art of photography should miss paying a visit to the Salon.

In addition to the exhibition a number of Salon evenings have been arranged on Monday and Thursday evenings, when lantern lectures will be held on many subjects attractive to photographers. These last until October 16.

## Notes and News

Among the books to be published in September by Messrs. Rivington are the first two volumes of "A History of England and the British Empire," by Mr. A. D. Innes, which will take the history down to 1688; the complete work will consist of four volumes.

Mr. H. W. C. Newte's new novel, "The Home of the Seven Devils," is published this week by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The same firm also issue this week "What Tolstoy Taught," a new and complete exposition of Tolstoy's teaching, by Mr. Bolton Hall, whose work was highly praised by Tolstoy himself.

Messrs. John Long, Ltd., are on the point of publishing a volume of verse (price 3s. 6d. net) entitled "Queen Elizabeth: An Epic Drama," by the Rev. William H. Winter, B.A., B.D., etc., Rector of St. Saviour's, Glen Osmond, South Australia. The work has already been dramatised and staged with success in Australia.

Mr. Herman Scheffauer has made a new translation of Heine's "Atta Troll" which faithfully reproduces the elusive spirit of the original, and the book will shortly be published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson. It will be illustrated by Willy Pogany and Horace Taylor, and will contain an introduction and notes by Dr. Oscar Levy.

Mr. John Lane announces "Travels Without Baedeker," by Ardern Beaman, at 7s. 6d. net. This is an entertaining work of unconventional travel. The author progressed more on the lines of a tramp than a tourist, from Aden up to Port Said, afterwards through Cairo and Alexandria, then on to Jaffa and Jerusalem, then into Greece and Turkey, and finally on to Venice.

The latest addition to the ABC series (published by Stanley Paul and Co.) is the "ABC of English Ceramic Art," originally published as "Nineteenth



Century English Ceramic Art" at 10s. 6d. net. In its new 5s. edition, this book—the author of which is Mr. J. F. Blacker—forms a remarkable production, containing, as it does, illustrations of more than 200 examples.

The London County Council offers three prizes, one of £10 and two of £5 each, for drawings of buildings or artistic objects in museums (South Kensington Museum and the British Museum especially). The last day for submitting drawings is Saturday, November 8, 1913. Drawings should be delivered before 1 p.m. on that date, together with the application form (T 2-251), at the L.C.C. Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C., and not to the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts as has been the practice in the past. The drawings should be enclosed in a suitable portfolio marked with the candidate's name, but no name may appear on the drawings themselves. Special labels will not be needed. Application forms (T 2-251) may be obtained from the Education Officer, L.C.C. Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

The Earl of Malmesbury, the new President of the Library Association, said some trenchant things about education in connection with public libraries in his presidential address at the thirty-sixth annual conference of the Association at Bournemouth. "The scholar," he suggested, "is an idealist; but when he becomes an educationalist he is a faddist. The weakness of our system is largely due to the presence of political forces in the drawing up of our educational codes. There is none more unpractical and devoid of common sense than the professional educationalist. The educationalist was usually aggressive and positive, claiming infallibility; but the literary man is more gentle, vague, and inconsequent, with occasionally a mild tendency to kleptomania in books and umbrellas. The mistake made by well-meaning fanatics was persuading themselves that every child is destined to become a literary genius if only he were kept at school long enough, and enough public money were poured over him."

The scheme proposed by Mr. J. McKillop at the same conference for the formation of county areas for rural, urban, and other libraries has much to commend it, although it is yet in a crude form. Only 1½ per cent. of the country population have access to public libraries. This, of course, is a ridiculously low proportion, but it should be remembered that there are very many village libraries not supported by local rates. The Yorkshire Union of Village Libraries, the Hereford scheme, the plan adopted in the Isle of Wight, and others, we imagine would scarcely form part of the 1½ per cent. But even these will not make it possible to come within measurable distance of the 88 per cent. of the townsmen's libraries. The proposal that village public-houses should be utilised as library centres is likely to condemn the scheme at once. Some other local institution must be chosen.

An interesting book of verse this autumn will be Mr. Alfred Williams' fourth volume of poems, which his publisher, Mr. Erskine MacDonald, will issue on October 1. "Cor Cordium" is of a more intimate nature than Mr. Williams' previous volumes, and will contain a long personal revelation described as "The

Story of My Heart," in addition to a large number of love lyrics. Mr. Erskine MacDonald will also publish during September a new volume, "In Arcady," by Mr. W. J. Cameron, whose "Poems," published by Messrs. Longmans three years ago, received a cordial welcome from poetry lovers. Other volumes of verse to be issued by the Erskine MacDonald firm include a third volume, "The Other Side of Silence," by Dr. Habberton Lulham, a book of verse by Miss Janet Jeffrey, a collection of sonnets by Mr. H. R. King, and a book of German poetry arranged and translated by Miss M. E. Everest. In other departments Mr. Erskine MacDonald's list includes a survey of the spiritual movements and forces of our time by the well-known ethical leader, Mr. Dimsdale Stocker, and a novel, "The Rut," by Miss E. Hamilton Moore, which deals with the struggles of a middle-class woman against a deadening environment.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

### AFFAIRS IN THE MIDDLE EAST—I

THAT, as a result of the negotiations now proceeding at Constantinople with Bulgarian delegates, Turkey will recover much of the territory in Thrace lost in the recent war seems beyond question. Save that to a small extent her prestige is revived, this circumstance cannot in the nature of things materially alter her situation for the better. In some quarters the pessimistic view is even entertained that the retention of Ottoman territory in Europe on any scale is destined to prove an irksome burden. Again it is pointed out that the future of Turkey lies exclusively in Asia Minor, and that any forward policy tending to divert her attention elsewhere must inevitably produce consequences menacing in the extreme to the welfare of the Empire as a whole. Leaving for the moment altogether out of consideration the question as to whether or not the Porte is wise in seeking to maintain a substantial foothold in Europe, we may with certain profit attempt an impartial summary of conditions as they exist to-day in the region known as the Middle East.

Here let us frankly say that, were we to view the prospect from the point of Ottoman interests, we would not find it particularly alluring. The territories that lie to the east of the Bosphorus are, no doubt, among the richest to be found in the world. But before they can be made to yield their proper tribute, enormous sums of money must be spent on their development. Let us take only one example. Sir W. Willcocks, the eminent engineer, calculates that no serious effort could be made to irrigate the country of the Tigris-Euphrates delta without an initial expenditure of some £50,000,000. The repetition of Noah's flood, he declares, hangs over the country like a dark cloud. But he makes haste to add that, once give the Tigris and Euphrates escapes into the deserts, and Babylonia would again rival Egypt. As to the commercial possibilities of Asia

Minor, there is no room for doubt. Unfortunately in this region we find pressing for solution political problems similar to those which so recently brought about the downfall of Turkish dominion in Europe. It was, perhaps, only natural that the restlessness which has long existed among the Armenians and Arabs should have manifested itself at a time when the Porte's attention was wholly occupied with the conflict in the Balkans; but that this discontent with prevailing conditions is so deep-seated as only to admit of drastic remedy is undeniable.

Whether or not the Government now in power will show itself more capable of dealing in a statesmanlike manner with the many irreconcilable elements in Asia Minor than was the case with the ill-assorted communities of Macedonia is open to serious question. The circumstance that the Committee of Union and Progress—a body whose hapless though well-meant activities produced the collapse of Turkish rule in Europe—is again dominant does not promise well. To pursue in the Middle East the policy of forcing Osmanism upon alien communities cannot in the light of experience elsewhere end otherwise than disastrously. If the Turkish Empire is to survive in any form, even restricted to Asiatic territories, no time must be lost in applying the principles of autonomy in Asia Minor. The only ray of hope that the situation warrants lies in the possibility that statesmen who have failed signally in the past will not be slow to profit by their experience. Should domestic cavil continue, however, the set of circumstances that have brought ruin upon Turkey in Europe will assuredly be repeated in the region of the Middle East.

Only the concentrated and continuous effort of a united nation can cope with the complex difficulties of the new situation. It may be argued that, no longer preoccupied with Macedonian problems, and relieved from the necessity of ever being on the alert as against an attack from the Balkan States, the Ottoman Government will prove itself equal to the great task. But before we can subscribe to this view, several weighty factors must be taken into account. Of these the most important consists in the incontrovertible truth that Turkey is not master in her own house. For the various communities that still remain under her yoke such circumstance is fortunate. Nevertheless, the intrusion of foreign interests, as represented by the Great Powers, in the legitimate sphere of Turkish rule complicates from without a situation that is sufficiently difficult within itself. Now that the developments of time have completely unmasked the self-seeking motives of the Balkan States, the immediate neighbours of Turkey, we cannot refrain from speculating as to whether the future that awaits Ottoman dominion in Asia Minor, where the Great Powers are strongly entrenched, will be less precarious than it was in Europe. While in one sense the issue of the recent struggle has improved Turkey's hold over her Asiatic territories, enabling undivided attention to be given to a region, the inadequate development of which under

normal conditions ought not to impose an excessive strain, in another sense the danger from this quarter suddenly enlarges and looms nearer. For the collapse of Turkish rule in Europe has wrought incalculable harm to Turkish prestige in Asia.

The impulse towards nationalism has been appreciably quickened among communities who formerly stood in fear and trembling of Ottoman power, and grievances that at one time smouldered harmlessly enough have in places burst forth into angry flames which were not suppressed without difficulty. The demand for reform remains, and it is both widespread and insistent. No dilatory policy of middle course will suffice. It is urgent that Turkey compose what may be described as her own purely domestic troubles in order that she may prevent the quick repetition of contemporary history, and with it the final extinction of Moslem power. Let her forget the haunted ruins in Europe. Across the waters of the Bosphorus an expansive site awaits her, where anew she may rear the pillars and beneath the Crescent erect the dome of a great empire. The stone and cement she already possesses in the sterling qualities and religious fervour of her patient masses. Has she not in the ranks of her statesmen one who will prove worthy to take his place among the architects of nations?

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## MOTORING

THE attempt to solve the London traffic problem under existing conditions—i.e., to enable the vast and increasing volume of heterogeneous traffic which passes through the streets of the metropolis to be negotiated with expedition and safety—is about as futile as to try to get a quart into a pint pot. It is obvious that the streets are too narrow to render possible the elimination of congestion, with its consequent delays and danger. The utmost that can be done is to reduce the evils to a minimum, and to this end several suggestions are put forward. The best of these seems to be the prohibition of all heavy and slow horse-drawn vehicles from the use of the streets during the busy hours of the day, and eventually altogether, as it is admitted that the troubles arise mainly from the intermingling of slow and fast traffic. It is beyond question that some such step as this will have to be taken sooner or later, and things have now reached such a pass that there seems to be no reason for further delay. Pending action in this direction, there is much to be said in favour of a trial of a scheme put forward by our contemporary, the *Auto-Motor Journal*, with the object of minimising the dangers and alleviating the troubles that arise from traffic congestion. It is based upon the principle that "if at a crossing the traffic of one street were arbitrarily given a right of way, and the traffic on the other street made to go dead slow by a sign that must be obeyed, the gravest of road dangers would be abolished, congestion would be alleviated, and the noisy and confusing use of the horn would be appreciably reduced." All that would be necessary to



apply this principle would be for the authorities to select certain streets and make them highways, giving the traffic thereon the right of way over crossings. In certain of the principal thoroughfares, such as Oxford Street and the Strand, this is already in practice as a matter of custom, and what the *Auto* suggests is that the principle should be extended to cover all such other streets as might be selected by the authorities. The scheme is a very simple one, involving merely the erection of the necessary signs to distinguish the "highways" from the "side-roads," and it has already received the cordial support of very many distinguished people, motorists and otherwise, including Colonel Holden, formerly chairman of the R.A.C., Colonel Crompton, consulting engineer to the Road Board, Mr. Worby Beaumont, technical adviser on motor matters to the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, Mr. S. F. Edge, president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Mr. Stenson Cooke, secretary of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, Sir William Bull, M.P., Sir Henry Norman, M.P., Viscount Curzon, and many others. It is not pretended that the *Auto* road signs scheme would constitute anything like a complete solution of the traffic problem, but it would certainly remove one of the most prolific causes of accidents at crossings—namely, the uncertainty of a motor driver as to what the other vehicle is going to do at the critical moment.

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The recent announcement of the Petrol Substitutes Joint Committee to the effect that its experts had discovered an entirely new process, by means of which it was hoped that at least 40,000,000 gallons of efficient motor spirit would be added annually to the existing sources of motor fuel supply, has provoked a good deal of discussion and criticism, much of it of a decidedly adverse nature. One of the motor journals comments very severely upon the "form" of the announcement as being inconsistent with the dignity and authority of a committee which is representative of the three great motoring organisations, and says that anything more like the preliminary "puff" which heralds the appearance of a financial speculation it has never seen. Another important motor organ, the *Autocar*, says that a side-light has been thrown on the announcement by the chairman of the British Motor Spirit Syndicate, who recently stated that the "discovery" in question referred to a process which had been acquired by his company, and with which the Petrol Substitutes Joint Committee had nothing whatever to do. He also repudiated the statements which have been publicly made with regard to the nature of the commodity from which the new spirit is to be extracted, and the price at which it is to be sold—namely, 1s. 2d. per gallon. On the contrary, he said, the syndicate is a purely commercial undertaking, and will sell its spirit in the same way that benzol and petrol are now sold—that is to say, for as high a price as can be obtained in the open market. In the circumstances, some further explanation or statement on the part of the Committee seems to be called for.

R. B. H.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

**D**URING the past week further confidence has shown itself in the City in certain sections at any rate.

There is no doubt that we are prosperous in England and that the position here is good. But the money market rules the Stock Exchange, and the war on the Continent has certainly upset all the Continental bankers. London is the centre of the world of money, and any stringency in Paris or Berlin makes itself felt here at once. I hear of many important firms who are distinctly hard up. They have been helped, but they are crippled for some time. They will be quite unable to support their respective specialities, and they will be always on the look out for buyers of stock which they have pawned. I think that this will keep markets dull during the autumn. The British investor is steadily picking up attractive home industrials, and all the markets in these excellent securities are hard.

The promoter is giving us a welcome rest. For some weeks past we have had no new issues of shares of any moment. The Victorian Government offered £2,000,000 Four per Cent. stock at 98, a trustee security. At the moment of writing I cannot say how the public subscribed, but if any satisfactory response is made we may see all the other Colonial Governments in the market, for they all need money badly. The Burr Group asked their supporters to lend them enough to complete the equipment of the Tilmanstone Colliery on a debenture at 10 per cent. I have just paid a visit to this colliery, and I think the bond is fairly well secured. Whether the money will be enough to give a big output I am doubtful. The coal is somewhat dirty and friable, but a good steam raiser, and undoubtedly would find a ready market when screened and washed. It is not a good household coal, but is excellent for gas-making purposes. Snowdown, another Burr colliery, is on the same seam, but the coal is dirtier. Both companies intend sinking to a deeper seam, when they hope to get household coal. Both will probably find an admirable smokeless coal at depth as good as the best Cardiff. That Kent will one day be a huge coalfield seems to me a certainty, but it will take ten years and five million sterling to develop the field. Who will find the money? Big financiers do not like the Burr methods of finance. I do not blame them. Burr has had to get money anyhow, the best way he could, and as a result we get intricate finance. But the coal is there.

MONEY remains at the same rate as far as the Bank is concerned, but lenders of money are now a shade more greedy. The autumn demand has begun early, and banks, although they have plenty of cash, do not expect to remain rich for many weeks. But I do not think that those who confidently declared that we should get a six per cent. rate in November will get their wish. A few months ago it appeared possible, but the complete stoppage of new issues has allowed savings to accumulate.

FOREIGNERS.—Japan and China are said to have come to terms. This is not the place to criticise the policy of Sir Edward Grey, who appears infatuated with the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, but he should understand that many people in the City resent the handing over of China to Japan. It will end in trouble both for the Japanese and also for our own manufacturers in Lancashire, one

of whose principal markets is China. Turkey appears to have got her own way over Adrianople, and will now be in the market for money. She is decidedly better worth lending money to than Bulgaria, who must be on the verge of bankruptcy. But we do not hold Bulgarians in London, and Turkey and Greece are really the only Balkan States we have ever lent large sums to. I again warn my readers that it is most dangerous to buy any Near East bonds, no matter which country offers them.

HOME RAILS are without any friends at all. It is difficult to see why this market should be so entirely neglected. The jobbers make reasonably close prices. They will always deal, and though it is very expensive to gamble in the Heavies, it is sound policy to buy them as an investment. Traffics are good, but the idea of labour trouble seems to have scared everybody. Wise people should realise that the Labour leaders are playing a game, and that there is but little chance of any great strike occurring. The companies, now that they can raise rates whenever they raise wages, will be much more easy to deal with. Undergrounds keep very hard, mainly because of the "bear" account. They are certainly fully valued. The position of the Home Railway market shows how little influence the Press exercises upon prices. All the leading writers on finance have been writing up Home Rails for months past, and the quotations have steadily dwindled!

YANKEES have almost boomed. Unions were bought with a rush on the tale so often repeated that at last the bonus would be paid. The railway will find itself very rich when it gets all its Southern Pacific money. It has also lent Southern Pacific large sums, which will be repaid now that the road is under separate control. Therefore the bonus could be paid without difficulty. All the large shareholders have long been pressing for a cash distribution, but Kuhn Loeb, the bankers who control the line, do not like the idea of paying any money to the Preference shareholders, who claim to rank *pari passu* with the Ordinary shareholders as far as a bonus is concerned. There has often been talk of retiring the Preference Issue, and this seems the cleanest way out of the difficulty. But good financiers do not like to pay off 4 per cent. Preference at par when the stock stands at 88, and money itself cannot be borrowed much under  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Eries have been another good spot. The road does well, but I see no future for Erie Commons for a long time to come. Steels should certainly be sold on any rise. Readings have been marked up, perhaps in order to enable insiders to get out.

RUBBER is talked about in the Press, but that is all. The market is almost dead. I have again and again pointed out that the quality and quality alone of Plantation is the reason why it is so much lower than Brazilian. But the public does not realise this, and imagines that the whole thing is a dastardly attempt to ruin the Ceylon and Malay Planters. Frankly, there is not the demand to consume the present output of the Eastern companies. This output goes on increasing month by month; to-day the price has fallen to 2s. 3d., and seems sure to go to 2s. This will end in the ruin of all companies that cannot reduce their working costs.

OIL no longer interests the casual punter. Dealer after dealer tries to run his particular share, but he can only attract a few buyers, and the price soon falls back. There are really only a few sound oil companies in the House. The public never realises that though fortunes are made out of oil, they are made by the distributing houses such as Standard, Shell, and Royal Dutch. Very few baling companies ever do well. Oil is now at a fabulous price, yet the Maikop concerns are all only producing small quantities. The Baku concerns are overloaded with capital, and the California crowd, having sold to Shell, can now pay

more attention to Lobitos, a disappointing concern. A few people have bought Red Seas, but cheap gamble as they are, no one appears to want them.

MINES are almost as neglected as Oil. Both are rank gambles, both are enterprises in which only one concern in a thousand pays its way. Paris soon got tired of buying Kaffirs, and prices have dwindled. I can find no attractive bargains in Kaffirs. The group which had been buying Chartered came to the end of their tether, and as the public refused to come in, here also the market has sagged. We have heard no more about the Giant and Cam and Motor deal. Copper shares seem the most active in the list, and for some weeks past there has been good buying of Kyshtim, which is said to be making big profits.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Brewery shares are much more popular than they were, and the Manchester people are buying Walker and Humphreys—a big and prosperous North of England combine. There has been quite a spurt in City of London Electric Lights on the renewed talk of a purchase by the City Corporation. I confess that I am doubtful. The share is a sound investment, but I shall not believe that the Corporation will buy until I see the official announcement. All Electric Light shares are much too cheap. The Brazil Railway report was fair. But on the figures the preferred should be sold. The debentures are a reasonable holding, but the system has gone through its boom and seems likely to get falling traffics for a long time to come.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

## Anglo-American Exposition

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The Anglo-American Exposition next year will mark a memorable era in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. It celebrates the centenary of lasting peace between the two great families of the English-speaking people. The occasion will be one of general rejoicing on both sides of the Atlantic, and appropriate monuments are to be erected to perpetuate the memory of that glorious event.

Rich and manifold as are the blessings which have accrued to mankind from the hundred years of unbroken family peace, in no direction are they more apparent than in the great discoveries and inventions which have characterised the past century.

In almost every department of human activity American and British genius, sometimes simultaneously alighting on the same discovery, at other times perfecting the invention of the other, have vastly improved, and in some cases revolutionised methods of modern industry.

These triumphs of art, industry, and commerce will be materialised in the magnificent exhibition grounds at Shepherd's Bush, where the now famous Franco-British and Japan-British Exhibitions were so successfully held. These international demonstrations resulted in a marked increase in the volume of commerce between the respective countries, and there is no doubt that the Anglo-American Exposition must be attended with similar mutual advantages.

International friendship is never so durable as when it is rooted in reciprocal trade, and the trend of political events in the United States promises an exceptional opportunity to our manufacturers in this respect. Influential and representative committees have been formed in the United Kingdom and in the United States for the purposes of the exposition.



The Commercial Museum of Philadelphia, a powerful and wide-spread organisation, supported alike by the municipality and the State, has undertaken the organisation of the American Industrial Section.

The profits resulting from the exposition will be devoted to objects of national utility and importance in the United Kingdom and the United States.

It is the special desire of the Committee that the exposition should be one, not only of Science, Art, and Industry, but also of objects of historical interest, and they would invite those possessing such objects, as well as intending exhibitors in the Industrial Section, to communicate at an early date with the Secretary, The Anglo-American Exposition, Shepherd's Bush, W., when they will be placed in communication with the Committee of their respective sections.

TECK, President.

KINTORE, Chairman, Executive Committee.

BLVTH, Chairman, Organising Committee.

STRATHCONA, Vice-President.

ROTHERHAM, Chairman, Reception Committee.

ARCH GEIKIE, Vice-President.

EDWARD J. POYNTER, President, Royal Academy.

WILLIAM MATHER, President, British Science Guild.

JOHN A. COCKBURN, Chairman, Overseas Committee.

Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

September 3, 1913.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### NATIONAL DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—National drama may be instituted, it may struggle on for a decade, but it will never be permanent unless it is founded on the rock bottom of the people's taste. Mr. G. W. Rushton in his admirable letter quotes the "Man-in-the-Street," but in reality does not take him into any further consideration; he takes his sympathetic attendance for granted, if only the good national theatre is put on its trial by capable hands. But the public will not be persuaded or driven.

Now, it is an undoubted fact that the "Cinema" is by far the most popular entertainment of the present day. All the afternoon and evening the picture palace and its humbler brethren draw humanity through their gaudy doors. You can scarcely find a town in which none of these places exist. And it is to the "cinema" that we have to look for the future.

It seems strange at first to think that this vulgar, crude form of melodrama is to come forward as the saviour of British drama. But the public will tire very soon of the numberless presentations and combinations of the "cowboy drama," not to mention the comic chase down the street, over the log, down the bank into the river! Indications of this are apparent in occasional films less crude, with more original and better balanced plots. Many have very artistic settings. Now is the opportunity for dramatists, artists, and musicians to step in and turn this very rough diamond into a thing of beauty—Herkomer is showing the way with his experiments.

Let a hall be founded for the production of music-drama, equipped with a first-rate orchestra and chorus. There are many oratorios and cantatas which could be dramatised for the film—such as "The Pied Piper," "Phandrig Crohoore," Bach's "Passion" and "Elijah"—the latter has been performed as an opera with fair

success, but there are many things that make it unsuitable; the Baal chorus of priests could not be large enough to be impressive—there are rather too many scenes unless it is carved about—there are not enough opportunities for the prima donna, and there are a few irrelevant choruses that retard action. But on the film you can change your scene every minute, and no stage carpenter is required.

What splendid opportunities are the scenes in Mab's Palace, before the widow's mud-hut, and on the mountain, where the numbers of priests and people could be unlimited and the fire realistic. Also there is this—opera is a failure here because prima donnas rarely act well, and with all respect to them, still more rarely do they look the part. It does not strike you, unless you know beforehand, that Mimi is wasting from consumption, or that Butterfly is aged fifteen! Unless you have a vivid imagination opera is unenjoyable; to the aforesaid Man in the Street, even though he has musical instincts, it is pure bosh. But it would be splendid on the film, especially when the colouring process improves—there is also talk of stereoscopic effects being invented. For then the dear fat soprano and podgy tenor will be out of sight, and graceful actors will do all their gesturing for them and a lot of acting besides on the film. The theatre must be designed so that the orchestra and chorus are behind the screen and at a lower level; the sheet must be arranged so that the conductor can see the picture through it. There must be space on top for the sound to carry properly to the audience. The main difficulty is to synchronise the action on the film and the music, but it will be greatly overcome if it is acted to the music while the film is being made.

The way for this music-drama has been paved by the "Miracle" with Humperdinck's music. With good actors and scenes designed by real artists and efficient orchestra and voices, we shall have almost attained the ideal. Will not someone come forward and give us the "Ring" in this fashion? Rhine maidens can then really swim in water—Siegfried can walk in a forest, and with all the clever resources of the cinema, a proper dragon can be "faked" so as to fight properly, and you will not see Alberich run round behind a wing when he is supposed to change into the toad. When we have produced all the present operas our coming geniuses can set their works to scenes in real mountains, real forests, real villages in Italy, Switzerland, or wherever they want. The "cinema" itself will at first draw the masses, and then those may learn to enjoy art and music whom no national stage can touch. Faithfully yours,

J. H. STABLES.

Invergie, Haslemere, September 9, 1913.

### FAIR TRADE VERSUS FREE TRADE.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—Your correspondent in a recent issue—Mr. Immo S. Allen—would seem to be a "Fair Trader" rather than an "Imperial Free Trader," and would, moreover, appear to be strongly opposed to anything approaching an Imperial Zollverein. That is a pity, I take it; since anything short of Imperial Free Trade can never stand a ghost of a chance in any future political campaign in Great Britain as against that fatal Free Trade Goliath which has so long and so ruthlessly wrought such mischiefs and misfortunes to myriads of English lives and to British agricultural interests. Yet however deplorable Mr. Allen's views, I must in justice grant that he displayed the merit of consistency in his contention that to admit Canadian breadstuffs free of all duty, while even putting a tariff on purely foreign imports of that nature, would not practically help English agricultural interests in that particular direction. But, on the other hand, I

contend that it is of the first importance, in an issue of such a nature, to convince the great body of English consumers that an Imperial Zollverein, or Imperial Free Trade, pure and simple, would not, and could not, increase the price of the British loaf a single halfpenny, seeing that Canada alone could amply supply the utmost demands of the English market for breadstuffs. For that is not only sound policy, but common sense and common honesty. For so long has the more particularly English public mind been steeped in the illusion (delusion, I call it) of the "beneficent" and all-embracing effectiveness of Free Trade, and so long has the bogey of a "dear loaf" been flaunted in its face, and the dread of such a contingency impressed upon its consciousness, that nothing short of convincing proof of the fallacy of such a contention, and of persistent sounder reasoning and teaching, can either appeal to or convince the English public mind.

Hence the absolute importance and necessity of driving home with uncontrovertible arguments the utter falsity of Free Trade pretensions to such effect.

But to resume. It is to be feared that Mr. Allen is not only biased against "Imperial Free Trade," but is altogether too restricted in his grasp of the whole question of an Imperial Zollverein, seeing that he is ungenerous enough to regard the entire question and subject from a purely English point of view, or in entire disregard of the common interests of the Empire. This I gather from his insistence upon the one point of English agricultural interests. Yet surely so intelligent a correspondent should realise the common truth that nothing is to be gained of intrinsic value by sheer selfish and mere time-serving and immediate advantage-seeking in the discussion of a question of this grave nature; for it follows as certainly as night follows day that without a certain degree of compromise and of willingness to be quite fair and square, no practical good can come, and no practical solution of the problem. For if the common interests both of Great Britain and the British Commonwealth are to be ignored on both sides, it stands to reason that no common gain can be achieved. In short, it would be absurd, otherwise, to so much as attempt to attack and overthrow the serried ranks of the common enemy—"Free Trade"! For how are we to expect to influence and convert either "Little Englander" or "Greater Britain" unless we can convince both alike of the common good to be derived from a policy such as that of Imperial Free Trade? In effect, the "Little Englander" must be convinced that Free Trade within and throughout the Empire would not, and could not, increase the cost of living, but rather otherwise; while, on the other hand, Britons beyond the seas must be just as much convinced or assured that the good and advantages to be derived from such a compact would redound to their immediate and future advantage, in spite of the superior facilities and greater capitalistic resources of the English manufacturers, which, to Britons beyond the seas, have ever been just as much of a bugaboo as the "Cheap Loaf" vagary has been to Little Englanders! In fact, Imperial Free Trade, or an Imperial Zollverein, must be a compact of "give and take," and the advantages must be mutual and in common all told. To England it would mean, and would be in substance, greater markets, vastly increased commerce, sounder and far more remunerative investments for capital, and illimitable advantages all round; while to the Free British Commonwealth throughout the Empire, it would mean, and assure also, better and greater markets for their agricultural products, vastly expanded shipping and railway interests, a great stimulant to the influx of British capital (hitherto, for the most

part, "invested" in wild-cat speculations in Peru, Mexico, and all manner of foreign ventures), and, best of all, an enormous development of their magnificent and manifold and still untouched lands, mineral resources, commercial highways, harbours, and waterways.

In other words, and in few, it would mean, and could not fail to result in, unbounded prosperity for the entire British Empire, and would solidly unite in sentiment and interest alike Britons the world over. Then no longer should we hear and read of dark and silly "omens" of the "Decline of England," but rather of "the Dawn of British Empire!" Hail that day! EDWIN RIDLEY.

P.S.—Another excellent book which I would humbly commend to thoughtful English readers, is that of Mr. George Bourne, entitled "Change in the Village." —E. R.

#### "THE VALLEY OF PASSENGERS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—As a Californian passing through London, the article on page 313 of your number for September 6 entitled "The Valley of Passengers," caught my attention. The article concerns Yosemite Valley, and the author, Mr. F. G. Affalo, has been led to suppose that San Francisco proposes to turn that great natural wonder of America into a gigantic reservoir. No wonder he says: "The Yosemite is surely worth preserving." His fine appreciation of "this Californian dreamland" is most gratifying reading to a Californian far from home.

But I am happy to tell you that the article was written under a misapprehension. As a matter of fact, the Yosemite Valley is not even being considered as a possible water supply for San Francisco, and there is not the wildest probability of its being so considered. The real situation is this: Around the Yosemite Valley has been created a great Government reserve some forty or fifty miles square, all of which is called "Yosemite National Park." Through this great reserve run two rivers—one the Merced River which flows through Yosemite Valley, and the other the Tuolumne River, some twenty-five miles to the north, which flows through a very beautiful valley called the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which is in some of its features a smaller counterpart of the great Yosemite. Were not the Yosemite Valley next door the Hetch-Hetchy would be a noteworthy mountain valley. As it is it is overshadowed by its great neighbour in popular interest, and, being somewhat inaccessible, is visited by comparatively few.

Now, San Francisco desires the National Government to allow this Hetch-Hetchy Valley to be transformed into a lake and utilised as a storage reservoir for the urgently-needed water supply for the great community growing up on both sides of San Francisco Bay. Against this Mr. John Muir and many others violently protest on the ground that such use would be a desecration of the Yosemite National Park (not Yosemite Valley). The proposers of the scheme answer that the interests of 700,000 people in the bay cities are greater than those of the few vacation campers who for a few weeks in summer find their way to the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, and add with a fine stroke of humour, that if Nature a hundred years ago had dammed the valley by an avalanche and transformed it into a lake, and then in our own day someone had arisen proposing that the lake be drained and changed into a meadow, all the water lovers would rise up and protest against the "desecration of a unique and beautiful mountain lake."

I think this is a fair statement of the case, and I have taken the trouble to write it out in full thinking you



might find it of interest, and that it might help to reassure your readers that, whatever the merits of the Hetch-Hetchy controversy, the great Yosemite Valley is in no danger. Cordially inviting you all to the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915, I remain,

ALBERT W. PALMER.

27, Wellington Square, Oxford, England.

### ALL BOGEY!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Much as I admire the article "All Bogy!" in your last issue, I desire to put your contributor right on one small point. In his defence of Sunday golf he makes the statement that cricket and football are not played on the Sabbath day. He is correct so far as cricket is concerned; there appears to be no effort in the direction of organised games. But with regard to football, surely he must be "links"-eyed. Is he unaware of the latest development of national sport? Does he not know that with the patriotic enthusiasm of the up-to-date pleasure caterer the small publican is taking a hand in the "game"?

In various quarters of outer London (and I have no doubt in provincial towns as well) Sunday football emanating from the beer-shop is now one of the nation's widely advertised winter assets. Your contributor would do well to tear himself away from his Sabbath pastime and visit one of the grounds where his humbler contemporaries with like views as to Sunday sport enjoy the sop to their "less disciplined powers of self-restraint." He would find that his views are held by many and various people. Perhaps he would rejoice at the quality of his imitators. But he could not blame them.

You are opening up a big subject, Sir, and before the correspondence is concluded I hope to hear from the "Golf Widows and Orphans." I enclose my card, and am yours faithfully,

CHURCH AND STATE.

Savage Club, September 15, 1913.

### THE DIRECT SYSTEM IN THE TEACHING OF LANGUAGES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—M. Adolphe Bernon is singularly unfortunate in the examples he gives to demonstrate the failure of the direct method. In both cases it is the teacher who is proved inefficient, and not the method.

The case of "boussole" provides the most glaring evidence of the teacher's incapacity, for if there is one type of word which can be clearly conveyed to a learner without translation it is the name of common objects, and if the teacher in this instance had not the object to hand, he should at least have been able to give his students a perfectly sure idea of it twenty times over within the space of thirty minutes. And even if it is objected that thirty minutes is a long time to have spent over one word, let it be remembered that throughout the explanation the student was hearing French spoken, and thereby acquiring that discipline of the ear without which, for all practicable purposes, all his book-learning would be well-nigh useless. And he was also testing his powers of intuition and deduction which alone would help him along when on French soil. And if equivalents alone are required, why not dispense with a teacher altogether, and fall back on the dictionary, whose information is likely to be both fuller and more exact than that of any one man? But in truth—and this is the biggest asset of the direct method—there are no exact equivalents: *amour* is not quite *love*, any

more than *sabot* is exactly *clog*, and only by learning words by their usage in current speech shall we ever get at either their true meaning or the mind of the people whose literary coinage they are.

As to the case of the Welsh pupils, the learning of answers by heart is a trick by which the cunning and incompetent have imposed on inspectors since teaching began; but it is in no wise inherent in the direct method, nor a necessary result of its application.

The student who wishes to understand a foreign language when spoken, and to speak it intelligibly, can only achieve his purpose by hearing it and speaking it continually himself. Anyone who has learnt to speak a language not native to him knows the truth of this, and M. Bernon himself will provide a living illustration of it, if, as I assume, he is a native of French soil now transplanted into English ground.

The aim of teaching, then, should be to get as near as possible to the conditions which must confront the aspiring polyglot when the efficiency of his knowledge shall be put to the test, in train, theatre, shop, or drawing-room where the foreign language is the medium of communication.

With French hardly less than with English the orthography is so seldom an index to the word as heard, that it is essential that it should first be learnt by sound—and may the gods preserve us from the "pure French accent" of our fellow countrymen! Yours truly,

WILFRID C. THORLEY.

17, Northumberland Place, Bayswater, W.

### RAGGED SCHOOL UNION AND SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—During last year your readers generously helped us in the happy task of sending over eight thousand town-bred children for a fortnight's holiday to the country or the sea. Every one of these little Londoners was in urgent need of fresh air and change of this kind; not one of them could have obtained it but for the generosity of the public; and very few had seen the sea or spent a holiday in the country before. They went away pale and pinched; they spent fourteen days of wonder and delight; and they came back, almost invariably, brown, plump, and healthy.

The bare facts about these holidays for poor children look like exaggeration; the benefits of even a short holiday are so remarkable, and the gratitude of the bairns and their parents is so sincere.

For half a sovereign we can send a London slum boy or girl for a fortnight to the sea. That is to say, for a sum which is trivial, we can give a delight which is immense. For an expenditure so small that in a few hours it is forgotten, an experience can be bought which will always be remembered.

There are many appeals before the public for charitable purposes, but surely this work of sending little children to Dame Nature's playground, is one of the easiest and most pleasant to perform. I have had a long experience and I do not hesitate to say that this work is one of the finest expressions of charity that I know.

Will every reader who is planning a happy holiday for himself or herself, send a small donation towards the expense of giving a poor London child a good time also. In every mean street in our overgrown metropolis there are youngsters waiting, wistfully, hopefully, for the re-

sponse to this appeal. I shall be happy to acknowledge all gifts that are sent to me at 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN KIRK, Director.

32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

### AN UNJUST ATTACK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mrs. Antonia Moser has lately written another most extraordinary tirade to the Press about man's duty towards woman, and among the many shamefully untrue statements she makes is the following:—"They"—the youths of our country—"are deficient in a sense of honour, and as men they grow up to be worthless adventurers and triflers with women's affections." This is certainly not the time for women to bring vile accusations against the opposite sex, and it is, moreover, the most hopeless way of all to make the men grant women the Parliamentary vote. This raving suffragette signs her letter "Antonia Moser," and then, in parenthesis, "also a traveller"! Is she quite right in her mind? Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road,  
West Hampstead, N.W.

### PHONETIC SPELLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In case any of your readers should be interested in the question of phonetic spelling, I would be glad if you would allow me to state that I shall be happy to send a pamphlet illustrating my latest scheme, on receipt of a penny stamp for postage. Your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

*Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer.* By Wm. Charles Scully. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

*The Marquis of Montrose.* By John Buchan. Illustrated. (Thos. Nelson and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

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